

MARCH 26, 1881

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 591.—Vol. XXIII.

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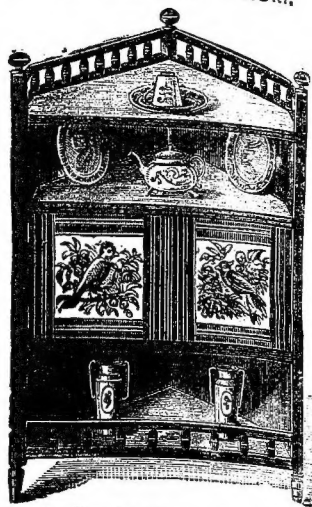
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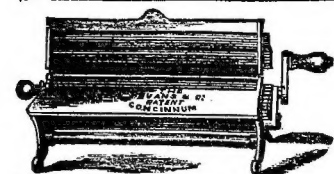
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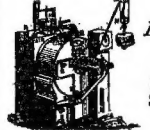


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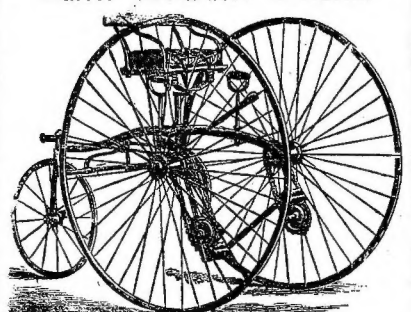
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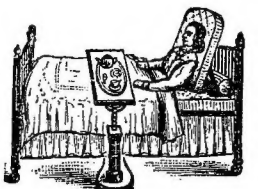
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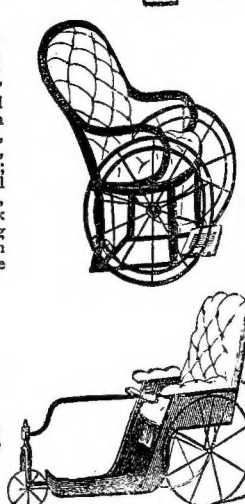


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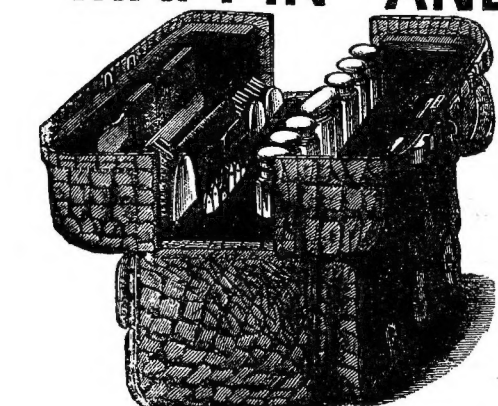
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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 591.—VOL. XXIII.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper]

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1881

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE
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A MOMENT BEFORE THE EXPLOSION—THE LATE CZAR DRIVING FROM THE PARADE AT THE MICHAEL PALACE



THE DAY AFTER—THE ARMY SWEARING ALLEGIANCE TO THE NEW CZAR

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE LATE CZAR OF RUSSIA

Topics of the Week

THE LAND BILL.—There can be no doubt as to the expediency of the course which Mr. Gladstone has resolved to pursue regarding the Land Bill. It is of the highest importance that such a measure should be fully discussed, and its introduction before Easter will give the country ample opportunity to consider its provisions. The Bill is understood to be of a much more moderate character than the Radicals at one time expected; but it will embody larger concessions to the tenant farmers than they could have hoped to obtain at any previous period. On some points it may be anticipated that there will be a virtual agreement among all the leading sections of politicians. It seems, for instance, to be admitted by Conservatives and Liberals alike that a sincere attempt should be made to secure fair rents. In a country like England tenants may be safely left to look after their own interests; but experience has shown that the system which prevails in Ireland is capable of being terribly abused by reckless landlords and still more reckless middlemen. Good landlords will for the most part welcome the proposed change, since they can have no wish to exact more than fair rents as established by a tribunal in which they have confidence. If the Government propose fixity of tenure, they will meet with much bitter opposition; but reasonable security of tenure would probably not be seriously objected to by the Conservative leaders. We may expect a great deal of heated discussion on the question of free sale, which, if not included in the Government measure, is sure to be brought forward by some of their supporters. Landlords justly complain that free sale would in many instances expose them to the necessity of accepting tenants who would be incapable of doing justice to the land, while it would virtually mean (in the case of new tenants) the re-imposition of rack-rents. In view of these difficulties it is hardly likely that the third of "the Three F's" will be adopted; but the Irish peasantry will have reason to congratulate themselves if they obtain fair rents, security of tenure, and full compensation for unexhausted improvements.

PEACE IN THE TRANSVAAL.—While the announcement that peace has been concluded with the Boers has undoubtedly been received with an intense feeling of relief by the country at large, this feeling cannot fail to be mingled with a sense of humiliation. So long as the Boers confined their protestations to mere petitions and the despatch of peaceful delegations to interview British Ministers of State, little notice was taken of their claims. When also the aspect of the scene changed, and the Boers, rising throughout the country, attacked and captured one British detachment, and besieged half-a-dozen British garrisons, no one entertained the thought of parleying with the "rebels" until "order had been restored" by force of our arms. Three defeats, however, in which our troops have not only been beaten but manifestly out-generalled, have evidently impressed us with the justice of the Boer claims to independence, and by the treaty just concluded by Sir Evelyn Wood all their demands have substantially been granted. Her Majesty, it is true, still retains the "suzerainty" of the Transvaal—a vague term, as Mr. Gladstone has explained, vastly differing from that of "sovereignty,"—but, according to the remaining stipulations, while we are practically bound to protect the Transvaal from outside invasion, we are in no way entitled to have a voice in its internal management. That this miserable war should be prolonged for a day in order that our military honour should be retrieved can be the wish of no one, for there can be no doubt of our power ultimately to assert our military supremacy if we so wished. At the same time no little apprehension must be felt as to the effect which the fact that the Boers have regained their independence at the point of the sword will have upon the native tribes as well as on the colonists of non-British extraction in South Africa. "Africa for the Africans" is a cry of which we have heard much during the past few months, and which once raised is not likely to be forgotten. No one would wish to keep our South African colonies in leading-strings an hour longer than is necessary, but recent events have clearly shown that the various States are not yet ripe for Confederation—without which they would never be able unaided by the Mother Country to hold their own against the innumerable tribes which swarm about their borders. The great danger at present is that the Dutch element of the population, elated by the Boer success, may foment an agitation against British rule. This, while causing no little trouble and embarrassment to the Government, may eventually retard the accomplishment of the object for which the agitators may be ostensibly striving, by destroying that homogeneity which is so essential to the establishment and consolidation of a settlement which aspires to absolute self-government.

EUROPE AND THE NEW CZAR.—On the whole it is surprising that public opinion throughout Europe should have been so little agitated by the accession of the new Czar. This is, no doubt, partly to be accounted for by the shock caused by the tragic close of Alexander II.'s career. People have been so much occupied by the immediate circumstances connected with this great catastrophe that they have had little

time or inclination to devote a great deal of attention to its probable consequences. There has also been a general feeling that to talk about what Alexander III. will or will not do is to talk very much in the dark. It used to be said that he ardently admired France, and as ardently hated Germany; but what serious evidence was ever offered in support of this view? One of his first acts has been to send a cordial message to the German Emperor, congratulating him on his eighty-fourth birthday; and both in France and in Germany it is beginning to be doubted whether he is inclined to depart from the main lines established by his father. If he had any such inclination it is by no means certain that it would be easy for him to act upon it; since even the greatest potentates are in some measure controlled by the traditional ideas and methods of the administrative system by which they have to govern. The present Czar unquestionably meant to strike out a new path for himself, yet we see that he has been compelled by the influences which surround him to walk in the steps of his predecessor. Alexander III. would probably (at any rate for a considerable time) find it equally difficult to reverse the policy of Alexander II. His plain duty in the existing circumstances of Russia is to devote his energy to the establishment of civilised institutions, and if he has a mind to undertake this splendid task, he will happily have little opportunity for disturbing the peace of the world.

POLITICAL EXILES AND REGICIDES.—It is only natural that the Russian Press should be energetically protesting against the shelter which other European countries are affording to that revolutionary party whose members have succeeded in murdering the Czar. The meetings which have been held in Geneva, London, and New York, at which the crime, euphemistically termed the "execution," has not only been justified but glorified, are sufficient to arouse the ire of any nation plunged into mourning by the murder of a Sovereign who doubtless had grave faults, but who was manifestly loved and respected by the great mass of the people. Political exiles have been held sacred in all democratic countries, and rightly so; but it is fast becoming a question whether any nation is justified in granting protection to persons who openly advocate the assassination of a friendly Sovereign. Murder is a crime punishable in every country throughout the world, and laws which shield a murderer must be somewhere at fault. A few years since Prince Bismarck expressed a very decided opinion that the laws of international extradition, as they at present exist, needed revision on this point, and surely, while according all possible shelter to purely political refugees, a line should be drawn at those who, if they personally do not wield the knife, the revolver, or that infernal machine of the nineteenth century, the bomb, are the leading spirits in a crime committed by another hand which they themselves have chosen. It is all very well to talk about police surveillance, and that foreign Governments are warned—as the Russian Cabinet is said to have been before the Czar's assassination; but the work goes on all the same, and the practical question remains, How far any nation is justified in permitting murder to be planned under its very eyes. Surely, with all our boasted civilisation and all our talk of justice, some means can be found of discriminating between a man who is compelled to fly his country for purely political reasons, and another who takes advantage of the laws of hospitality to organise schemes for assassination at his ease.

GREECE AND THE PORTE.—The secret of the negotiations at Constantinople has been well kept, for although there have been plenty of rumours as to the course they have taken, nobody outside of a small "official circle" has much definite knowledge on the subject. According to some authorities, Turkey refuses to do more than cede Crete; according to others, she is prepared to give up Thessaly also; while others, again, contend that she has offered to yield Crete, Thessaly, and a portion of Epirus. There has been the same diversity of statements with respect to the intentions of Greece. Meanwhile, the only matter about which there is absolute certainty is that the Porte has thrown as many obstacles as possible in the way of the Ambassadors, and that it will not accept the frontier traced by the Berlin Conference. We may still hope that war will be prevented; but it is difficult to cherish sanguine anticipations when we see that all parties in Greece continue to insist that the Hellenic Government must make no essential abatement of their claims. Probably the warlike impulses of the Greeks have been encouraged by the conclusion of peace in South Africa, since it is supposed that Mr. Gladstone will now be more free to act with energy in the East. England is the only Great Power which has not repudiated the decisions of the Berlin Conference, and Greece may be excused if she draws from this fact conclusions favourable to her cause. If Mr. Gladstone intends to help the Greeks in the last resort, it may be possible to justify his reticence; but, if his purpose is to let them fight their own battles, he ought surely to put an end to their hopes. England has already incurred a heavy responsibility by the stimulus she has given to the principle of "nationalities," and to go much further in the same direction might be to excite a conflict affecting more vital issues than any that have been touched in the present age.

CANDAHAR.—Few Governments have shown themselves so determined to undo the work of their predecessors as the present Cabinet, and on no subject has even Mr. Gladstone's Government so persistently followed its own counsel as in the

evacuation of Candahar. Notwithstanding the urgent advice of many of the most eminent Indian authorities, despite an adverse vote in the Upper House, in the face of the most arrant Russian intrigues laid bare by the disclosure of the now famous Cabul Letters, without awaiting the result of a debate in the Lower House, the Cabinet not only definitively decided to abandon what even many Liberals regard as an important bulwark of our Indian Empire, but quietly arranged for its restitution to that very rule from which it was thought necessary to separate it under the last Administration. By this time Abdurrahman Khan's troops are probably on their way to take possession of Candahar, and unless some unforeseen accident happens, early next month the district will once more be under Afghan domination. Up to the last few days there has been a vague hope that the Government might possibly be induced to reconsider its decision. Thus the announcement of Monday evening will be received with no small regret in England, and with considerable apprehension in India, where it is felt that the fruit of the two last Afghan wars will be completely sacrificed. Abdurrahman Khan up to the present time has shown himself anything but a strong prince. He has not been able to collect his taxes, nor to reduce certain unruly tribes to submission. How, therefore, he is to hold Candahar, situated at some 500 miles from his capital, is a problem. Ayoob Khan is awaiting the tide of events at Herat, and the battle of Maiwand showed that he is a leader of no small skill. Ere long, therefore, we may expect to hear of another of those civil wars which have already done so much to disorganise Afghanistan, and which may once more necessitate our interference, unless, indeed, the Russians, whose steady advance in Central Asia is contemplated with so much equanimity, be first in the field.

"SCRUTIN DE LISTE."—The French Government have done an essential service to the Republican party by deciding not to make a Cabinet question of "Scrutin de Liste." A change of Ministry immediately before the general elections would not only have been inconvenient, it would have brought serious discredit on Republican institutions. After all, there was no very strong reason why the Government should propose to stand or fall in connection with a question about which there is much difference of opinion among Republicans of undoubted sincerity. As for M. Grévy, he is essentially in the position of a constitutional sovereign; and constitutional sovereigns have often to sanction measures of which they do not personally approve. All the same, however, the course resolved on by the President and his Cabinet is a great triumph for M. Gambetta, who has once more proved that if he adopts a decided policy his rivals have no alternative but to resign or to submit to his will. It may now, we suppose, be assumed that "Scrutin de Liste" will secure a large majority; and, if it does, its ultimate effect will of course, be to increase M. Gambetta's authority, since in the next Chamber he will appear as the representative of France rather than of any particular constituency. That he intends to make himself Dictator, as his enemies assert, is in the highest degree improbable; but the chances are that without altering the Constitution he will virtually wield absolute power. Many true Republicans look forward to this result with dismay; and no impartial observer can deny that it is attended by danger. On the other hand, it may be contended that in France genuine government has always been of a personal character, and that if M. Gambetta were not made supreme somebody else with less genius and honesty would be certain to aim at the position which he is about to hold. "Scrutin d'Arrondissement," whatever may be said in its favour, would not prevent him in the end from attaining his object; it would at most only make his rise rather less rapid and imposing than it is now likely to be.

BACKSHEESH.—The question recently asked in the House respecting the gratuities to postmen at Christmas, and the advisability of prohibiting them and replacing them by an increased salary opens out a wide field of argument with regard to gratuities in general. Mr. Fawcett replied that even if gratuities to postmen were prohibited people would continue to give them, and herein lies the whole root of the matter. We confess we have never been able to understand why certain classes of people should be entitled to gratuities and others not. No one would dream of feeing a ticket clerk, and yet the porter who labels your luggage holds out his hand as a matter of course. The man who fee'd his income tax collector would be regarded as an amusing anomaly, and yet that much-abused official is no less useful a civil servant than the postman. Again, the waiter who brings a chop is universally regarded as entitled to a tip, but the damsel who serves at a railway bar would be considerably surprised at the offer of a penny for her trouble. Perhaps the real solution of the problem lies in the fact that these gratuities are practically bribes, and originated in the very human desire of a man to get the better of his neighbour; namely, to secure his luggage being labelled without delay, or his chop being more carefully selected than those of other people. Where in many cases the fees have been actually charged in the bill, or included in the price of a theatre ticket, the practice has never been really abolished, and people will always be found ready to pay for any advantage they can secure over their fellow-creatures. The system is ingrained in the European constitution, and bad as it is, will, we fear, never be wholly rooted out.

STABLES

STABLES

CATHERINE CANAL

BRIDGE

A

GARDEN WALL

GARDENS OF THE MICHAEL PALACE

MICHAEL THEATRE

A—SPOT WHERE THE EMPEROR WAS ASSASSINATED

PLAN SHOWING THE SPOT WHERE THE CZAR WAS ASSASSINATED, AND THE ADJOINING BUILDINGS.



LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—THE CUP. THE CORICAN BROTHERS. Alfred Tennyson's Tragedy, THE CUP, at 7.45. Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving, Mr. Ferriss. THE CORICAN BROTHERS at 9.30. Mr. Irving. CORICAN BROTHERS. LAST MORNING PERFORMANCES, To-Day, Saturday, March 26, and Saturday Next, April 2. Louis and Fabien dei Franchi, Mr. Irving. Doors open at 2.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—A New First Piece, MANY HAPPY RETURNS, by Gilbert A'Beckett and Clement Scott. Music by Lionel Benson. A New Musical Sketch, OUR INSTITUTE, by Mr. Corney Grain, and a New Second Part, ALL AT SEA, by Arthur Law, Music by Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8; Thursday and Saturday, at 3.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Admission 1s. 2s.; stalls, 3s., 5s. No fees. Will Close Monday, April 4. Re-open Easter Monday at 3.

SOCIETY OF LADY ARTISTS.—Exhibition NOW OPEN, GALLERY, 48, GREAT MARLBORO' STREET.—Admission One Shilling. Catalogue 6d. to 11 5.30.

THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION OF HIGH-CLASS PICTURES BY BRITISH AND FOREIGN ARTISTS. including Professor Leopold Carl Muller's Picture, "An Encampment Outside Cairo," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS' GALLERY, 5, Haymarket. Admission One Shilling.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES BY ARTISTS OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOLS is NOW OPEN at THOMAS MCLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket (next the Theatre). Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS, AND DECORATIVE DESIGNS BY LIVING ARTISTS, now OPEN daily, 10 to 6. Admission One Shilling. Will Close Thursday, March 31.

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DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

BRIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10.0 a.m. and 11.50 a.m., and Brighton for Victoria at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.; also from Victoria on Sundays at 10.45 a.m., and from Brighton on Sundays at 8.30 p.m. EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

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THE "GRAPHIC" SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING ON WOOD.—Some years ago a belief prevailed that before long wood-engraving would be superseded by various less costly processes. This belief, without doubt, deterred persons from embarking in a profession which they feared might before long prove unremunerative. Experience has shown that these fears were baseless. Wood-engraving holds, and is likely to continue to hold, its own against all competitors. But, meanwhile, there is a great scarcity at the present time of good engravers; and unless a practical effort is made to attract clever students into the profession, the most artistic work will fall into the hands of foreigners. For some time past the Proprietors of *The Graphic* have experienced an increasing difficulty in obtaining the assistance of high-class engravers, and they have therefore determined to form a School of Engraving for male students, in which they will be instructed for a term of five years. No premium will be required; but the candidates will be selected according to the merits of their drawings submitted, and after selection they will still have a fortnight's trial before being definitively accepted. After the first year, the students will be paid a sum (according to progress made) varying from £13 in the second, to £75 in the fifth year. The hours of attendance will be from 9 A.M. until 6 P.M., with an hour allowed for dinner; but students regularly attending evening classes at the Government Schools of Design will be allowed to leave at 5 P.M. Intending candidates must send in specimens of their drawings, stating whether they are original or copies, also age of candidate, addressed "To the Manager of *The Graphic*, 190, Strand, W.C.," and marked "Drawings for Competition."

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NOTICE.—With this number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, containing a PORTRAIT OF HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS, the EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 300 and 309.



THE ASSASSINATION OF THE LATE CZAR OF RUSSIA

ON Sunday week, as the late Czar Alexander II. was driving along the Catherine Canal to the Winter Palace, from the Michael Palace, where he had been holding a review, a bomb containing some highly explosive material was thrown under his carriage, and bursting, blew off a portion of the vehicle, killed a bystander, and wounded two of the Cossack escort. The Czar immediately stepped out of the carriage, and Colonel Dvorketsky, the Chief of the Police, who was in a sledge behind, at once arrested the assassin, a young student of the School of Mines, named Risakoff, and who is described as a thick-set, short-necked, repulsive-looking dark man. The Czar in answer to eager inquiries replied that he was not hurt, and was giving directions respecting the wounded, when a second bomb was hurled at his feet, and the Czar fell to the ground bathed in blood, and uttering one cry, "Help." The force of the explosion shattered the windows in the neighbouring houses, killed one bystander, and wounded some twenty others. Staff Captain Novikoff appears to have been the first to rush to the assistance of the Czar, and thus details the scene:—

"The snow was thrown up in all directions, and on the ground lay a boy, killed; a Cossack, very severely injured; and one other person—the Emperor—without helmet or mantle, his clothes torn to pieces, his legs shattered, his blood dyeing the snow." Novikoff threw himself weeping at the Emperor's side, with the words, "Good God! What has happened to your Majesty?" The Emperor remained motionless, and Novikoff, with the assistance of some sailors, who had hurried to the spot, lifted him up, himself holding the wounded Czar round the body and breast, while the sailors, without leaving go of their carbines, held the feet. The Emperor then attempted to lift his hand to his bleeding brow, murmuring twice the word "Cold." Novikoff was just about to take his handkerchief from his pocket to bind round the Emperor's head, when the Grand Duke Michael came up and, bending down close to the Emperor's face, said, "How do you feel?" What His Majesty replied it was difficult to catch. The Grand Duke ordered the sailors to throw down their carbines, and then, taking a cap from one of the bystanders, placed it on the Emperor's head. They then began to move forward. Novikoff asked the Grand Duke whether he would allow the bearers to carry the Emperor into the nearest house for the purpose of applying bandages to the wounded parts. The Emperor, who evidently retained his consciousness, on hearing this, whispered in broken language, "Carry to Palace, there die," and some few more words which were unintelligible. The Emperor was then placed on Colonel Dvorketsky's sledge and driven to the Palace, being supported in the arms of the Chief of the Police, who rested the Czar's head, which was covered with blood, upon his own breast.

On his arrival at the Palace the Czar was placed upon a bed, and at once examined by the physicians, who, as a forlorn hope, appear to have decided upon amputating the lacerated limbs, but the hæmorrhage had been so great that at a quarter to four the Czar

expired, before the operation could be performed—the last sacrament of the Greek Church, however, being administered to the dying man during a momentary interval of consciousness by the Court Chaplain. The Czar had been warned by General Melikoff and entreated by his wife and the Czarevna not to attend the parade on the day of his assassination, while his route home had been kept secret until the last moment, so that it is not improbable that relays of assassins must have been posted along the various roads leading from the Michael Palace to the Winter Palace. The second assassin was mortally wounded by the explosion of the bomb and died in the hospital, being subsequently recognised by Risakoff.

Our two sketches of the scene of the assassination are sent by two different correspondents, who, of course, did not witness the outrage, but made the sketches on the spot and from the most authentic details, a few hours afterwards.

Almost immediately after the Czar's death the new Czar, Alexander III., drove to his own palace, being enthusiastically cheered by the crowds in the streets, to whom the news of his father's decease had been conveyed by the hoisting half-mast high of the Imperial standard. A Council of State was at once summoned, and a detachment of the Guards sworn to fealty, the new Czar subsequently issuing a proclamation to the people, announcing his accession to the throne. Next day the Guards, civil officials, and Court dignitaries, assembled in the Winter Palace to take the oaths of allegiance, and the swearing-in of the troops followed, as depicted in one of our sketches. The soldiers advanced one by one helmet in hand, and kissed the Bible held by the priest, who repeated the oath. The soldier then retired crossing himself, the Colonel of the Regiment being sworn standing beside the priest.

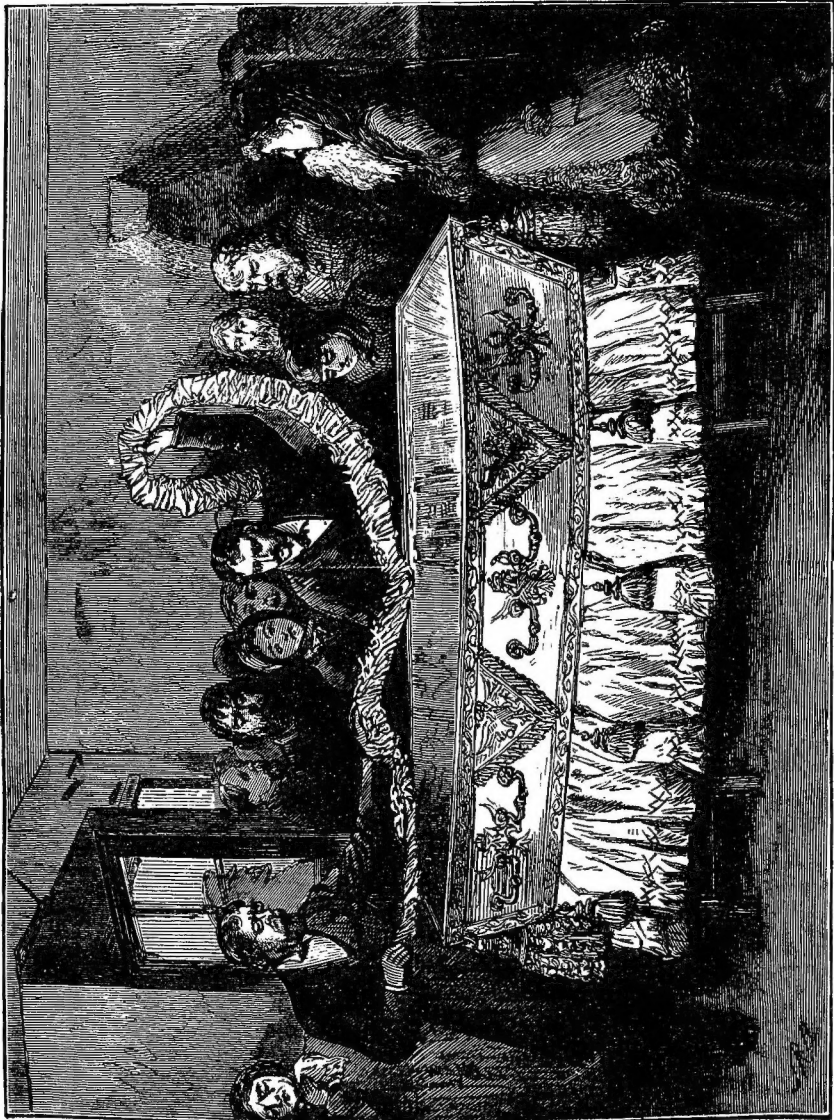
Of our remaining sketches there is little to be said. One shows the Imperial stables, where several of the wounded were conveyed after the explosion, and another depicts the condition of the injured carriage. In two others are seen the preparations for the last scene of all, the obsequies of the murdered monarch. According to custom the Imperial coffin had to be in readiness twenty-four hours after the Czar's death, and our sketch portrays the finishing touches to the drapery. The most elaborate preparations were made throughout the route along which the funeral cortege (which is described in another column, and of which we hope to publish sketches next week) was to pass, the whole way being hung with sable hued flags and decorations.

THE NEW CZARINA

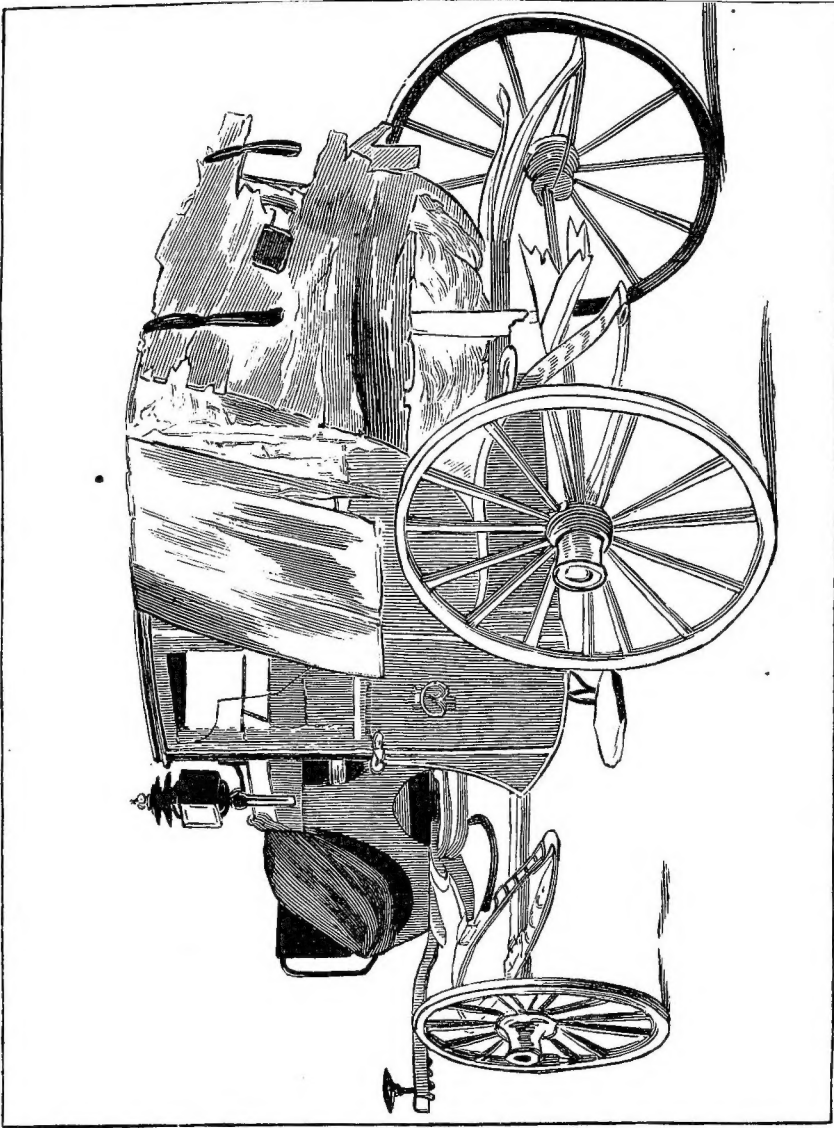
MARIE FEODOROVNA, who is now Empress of All the Russias, is the second daughter of the King of Denmark, and consequently the younger sister of the Princess of Wales. Her unmarried name was Maria Sophia Frederica Dagmar, but on her marriage to the Czarevitch she was baptised into the Greek Church under her present name. Born in 1847, the Princess was at first betrothed to her present husband's elder brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas, the then Czarevitch. When the latter lay upon his death-bed at Nice in 1865, however, he placed her hand into that of his brother Alexander, and begged as a dying request that they might be betrothed when he was gone. His wish was fulfilled, and accordingly in November, 1866, she was married to the present Czar. The Empress in features strongly resembles the Princess of Wales, and is stated to be no less lovable in character. She is a great favourite in Russia, and is credited with being the chief adviser of her husband, who places great reliance upon her counsel. They have four children, three sons, Nicholas, George, and Michael, and one daughter, Xenie.

OUR OBITUARY RECORD

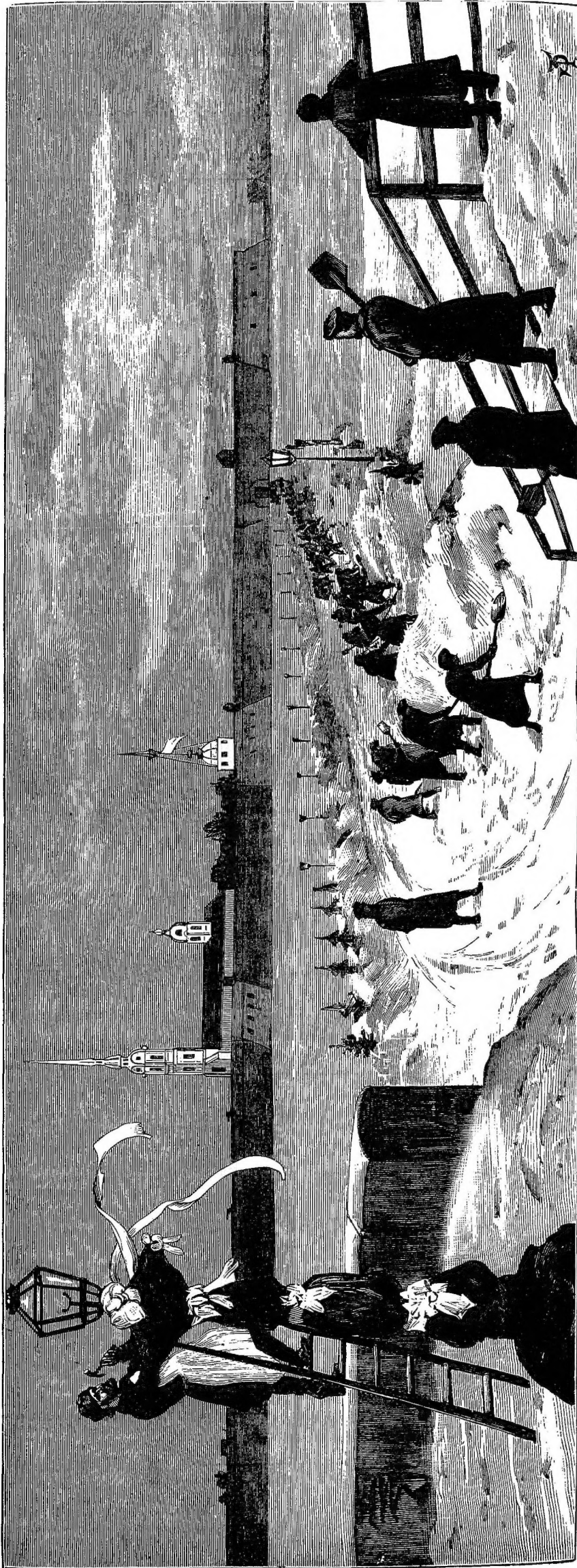
CAPTAIN AND BREVET-MAJOR JOSEPH RUSCOMBE POOLE, of the Royal Artillery, was the second son of the late Gabriel Stone Poole, Esq., of Bridgewater and Brent Knoll, Somersetshire. He received his military education at Woolwich, and joined the army in December, 1861, served in India from 1867 to 1875, and, in February, 1878, having been appointed Brigade Major to Colonel Reilly, he went out to serve in the Zulu War. When Cetewayo was captured, Sir Garnet Wolseley placed him in his charge, and he received much commendation for the despatch and secrecy with which he conveyed the captive king through his own dominions to the coast. Major Poole, who received his Brevet last July, continued to be Cetewayo's custodian at Cape Town, and to act as sole staff officer to Major General the Hon. Sir H. H. Clifford, K.C.B., while that officer held the combined civil and military command at the Cape. On the 24th of December last, Major Poole, on the outbreak of hostilities in the Transvaal, proceeded at twenty-four hours' notice to Natal. He had, a few weeks previously, been appointed Brigade Major in the Transvaal under Colonel Bellairs, but the garrison of Pretoria being beleaguered by the Boers, he was unable to join his proper chief, and Major-General Sir G. P. Colley placed him on his own staff as Deputy-Adjutant Quartermaster-General, in which capacity he moved up with the column to the front. He accompanied Colonel Deane, and when the 58th Regiment, led by that officer, attacked the Boers at Laing's Nek on the 28th of January, Colonel Deane and all his staff, with the exception of one officer, fell. Major Poole's body was found well at the front with the other staff officers. He was shot in the throat. His body was brought in the same evening, and was buried the next day near the camp with the other officers, and some men who died after reaching the camp. The Queen in her message to Sir G. Colley made special mention of Major Poole as a great loss. He was an accomplished draughtsman, and no doubt inherited this talent from his grandfather the sculptor, Sir Richard Westmacott, R.A., D.C.L., &c. He was an occasional contributor to our own pages, and several of his sketches of the Zulu War and the present campaign have appeared in *The Graphic*. The last, made a few days before his death, was



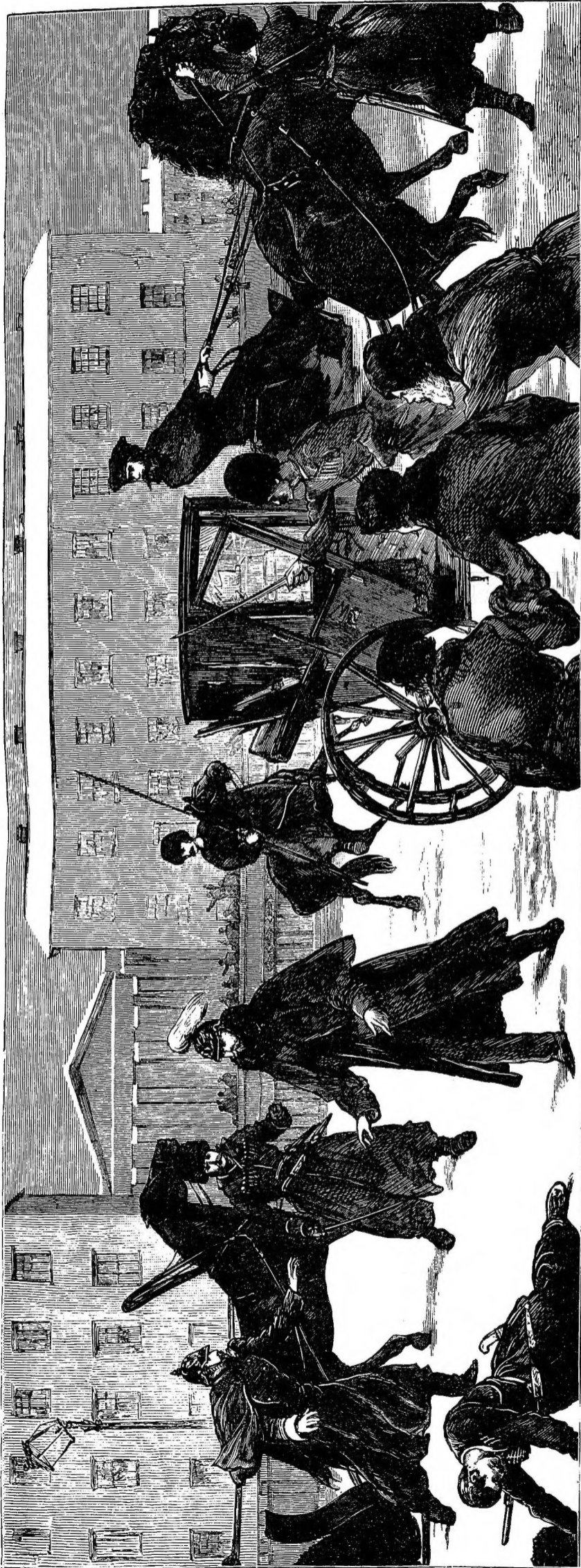
DECORATING THE IMPERIAL COFFIN



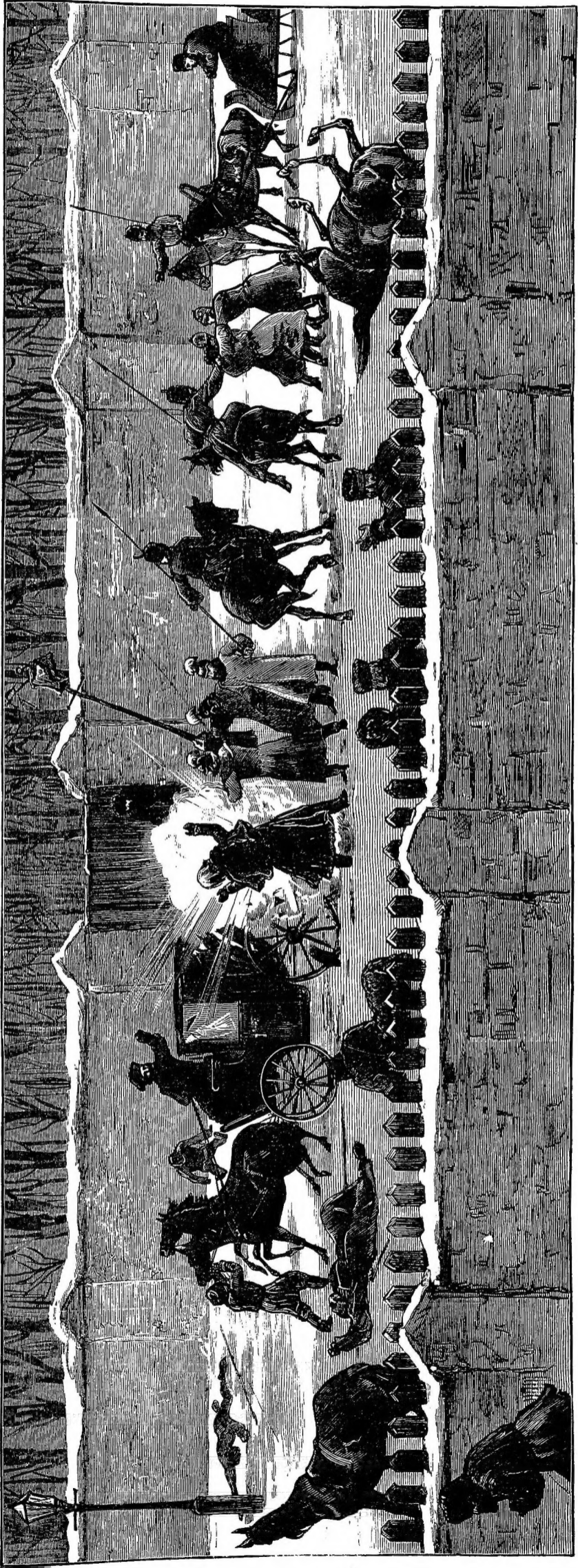
THE LATE CZAR'S CARRIAGE AFTER THE EXPLOSION



THE ASSASSINATION OF THE LATE CZAR OF RUSSIA
PREPARATIONS FOR THE FUNERAL PROCESSION



AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF THE FIRST BOMB



AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF THE SECOND BOMB

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE LATE CZAR OF RUSSIA — SCENE OF THE EXPLOSIONS BESIDE THE CATHERINE CANAL
SKETCHES FROM OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE ROAD

"A Reconnaissance at Laing's Nek," published in our issue of last week.

SURGEON ARTHUR JERMYN LONDON, of the Army Medical Department, was the second son of the late Francis Newcombe Landon, Esq., solicitor, of Brentwood, Essex. He was born in June, 1851, and having gone through a course of study at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, entered the Medical Service of the Army in 1878. After the Insandlwana disaster he proceeded with the first of the reinforcements to Natal, and, after serving throughout the remainder of the Zulu War, remained on duty at the Cape of Good Hope. On the outbreak of the war in the Transvaal he accompanied Sir George Colley's force, which left Newcastle in January last, and he died of wounds received in the action on the Majuba Hill on the 27th of February.

LIEUTENANT LAUNCELOT BAILLIE, of the 58th Regiment, who was the son of the Rev. Robert Baillie, of Synell Rectory, Northampton, was born October 23rd, 1859, educated at Northampton, and joined the North Durham Militia in 1877. In April last year he was gazetted to the 58th Regiment, which was then in the Transvaal, and which he joined in the following June. This gallant young officer lost his life at the battle of Laing's Nek, January 28th; whilst carrying the colours of his regiment. His last words to his brother officer, who offered to assist him, were, "Take them, Peel; never mind me. Save the colours."

Our portraits are from photographs: Major Poole, by A. Bassano, 72, Piccadilly; Lieutenant Baillie, by Marsh Brothers, Hart Street, Henley-on-Thames; and Surgeon Landon, by T. Fall, 9, Baker Street, Portman Square.

CHINESE LIFE AND CHARACTER.

See page 300.

RUGBY, TENNESSEE

See page 306.

"THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET"

THIS NEW STORY, by Messrs. Besant and Rice, illustrated by Mr. Charles Green, is continued on page 301.

AT BILLINGSGATE—EARLY MORNING

EARLY, very early in the morning is the time to see Billingsgate at its best and busiest. No matter what the time of the year may be, the market opens in the "wee sma' hours," and trade is briskly carried on in winter's fog and mist, snow, rain, and frost by the aid of flickering gas lamps and dim hand lanterns, and in summer by the glorious light of the rising sun. The crowd of fishing vessels of all sorts and sizes moored off the quay, and the incessant hurrying to and fro of the market porters, with their slimy and dripping burdens of fish packed in barrels, baskets, or pads; their not unpicturesque appearance, in loose oilskin or coarse canvas blouses, with inverted sacks or sou'-wester hats for the protection of their heads and necks, the constant hubbub and babble of commingling voices, salesmen praising their consignments, customers bidding against each other, and ever and anon the sharp click of the auctioneers' hammers as the "lots" are knocked down; the hurried tramp of hundreds of feet, the rumble of wheels in the street beyond, and the more distant hum of city and river waking into life, are sights and sounds which well repay one for the loss of a few hours' sleep which is necessitated by a visit to Billingsgate in the early morn.

THE CAPTURE OF GEOK TEPE

TOOK place on January 24 last. The name Geok Tepe (derived from the long deserted fortified village lying three or four miles to the north), however, is a misnomer, the true name of the fort captured being Yengi Sheher, or the New Town, it having been built about two years since at the commencement of the Russian military operations against the Akhel Tekke territory. The walls of Yengi Sheher enclose a rectangular space, about eight thousand paces in circuit, are built of baked brick, and are furnished with nine gates—three in the western, three in the northern, two in the eastern, and one in the southern sides. Along the western and eastern sides run two streams from

fifteen hundred yards eastward of the walls. From this point, as well as from Urapgli, during twelve days, shells were thrown into the town, but without producing any effect upon the spirit of the defenders, even though the place was now practically cut off from external aid. On the 24th, the day of the assault, a heavy cannonade was opened from Urapgli against the north-western, and from Jullé Caxshall against the south-eastern portion of the town. The assault gates on the eastern side of the town (marked A in the accompanying plan), which had to be blown in with powder bags, and, though desperately resisted, was entirely successful. At the moment the gate was blown in the whole of the mounted Turkomans, several thousand in number, fled from the town by the northern gates and sought refuge in the desert beyond, and during the fighting within the walls hundreds of fugitives fled in every direction.

Askabad, where it was thought the Turkomans might make a second stand after the fall of Yengi Sheher, is a heap of ruins, but it will prove of much importance to the Russian Army should it advance, as water is plentiful and there are extensive plantations around it. The road from Yengi Sheher to Askabad is now quite open to the Russians.

Our map is from a sketch by Mr. O'Donovan, the energetic correspondent in Central Asia of the *Daily News*, the proprietors of that journal having kindly placed it at our disposal.



THE ASSASSINATION OF THE LATE CZAR.—On Sunday last the members of the Russian Embassy attended a Requiem Service for the late Czar of Russia at the Greek Church, Moscow Road, Bayswater, conducted by the Very Rev. Archimandrite, Dr. Hieronymus Myriantheus. On the same day there was a special service and a funeral sermon at the Greek Church, Prince's Road, Liverpool. Allusion was also made to the sad event by the Rev. Dr. H. Adler, in his sermon at the Bayswater Synagogue, who said that his brethren, in common with the rest of mankind, were penetrated with a feeling of horror and indignation at the infamous crime. Votes of sympathy and condolence with the new Czar and the Imperial family in their sorrow and affliction have been adopted by the Anglo-Jewish Association and the London Court of Common Council. On Tuesday, at a meeting of Russians, Poles, Bohemians, and Servians in celebration of the French Commune of 1871 and "the execution of Alexander II.," held in the West End of London, deep sympathy was expressed with Russian Nihilists in their struggle against despotism, reaction, and militarism, as well as with the Paris proletariat, which lifted up in the Commune the banner of their own Revolution. Strong indignation was expressed on account of the action of several Governments in Europe against Russian Nihilists, especially the French Government, who proposed to expel all Russian emigrants from France merely from diplomatic and military motives. On Saturday last the *Freiheit*, the organ of the Social Democrats in London, appeared with a wide red border around the front page, and the leading article headed "At Last" began thus:—"Triumph! Triumph!! The word of the poet has been fulfilled. One of the most abominable tyrants of Europe, who has long been appointed for destruction, and who, knowing this, had, in his wild vengeance, doomed untold heroes and heroines of the Russian people to death or imprisonment—the Emperor of Russia—is no more."

THE RETENTION OF CANDAHAR.—The Lord Mayor having declined to convene a public meeting at the Guildhall in favour of the retention of Candahar, on the ground that the question had ceased to be a commercial and had become a political one; the Patriotic Association, on Tuesday, held a gathering at the Cannon Street Hotel. Sir R. Carden presided, and the list of speakers included the Earl of Dunraven, Sir H. Hoare, Lord Elcho, Alderman Fowler, and Colonel Malleon. A resolution was adopted declaring that the retention by Great Britain of the great strategic position

on examination proved to be connected with a fuse which would have ignited the forty pounds of gunpowder which the box contained. Colonel Fraser, the Chief of the City Police, has offered a reward of 100*l.*, to which Her Majesty's Government have since added 300*l.*, for information which shall lead to the arrest and conviction of the perpetrators of the outrage, but as yet there seems to be no clue to the guilty persons, whose motive, unless it were sheer wanton destructiveness, it is difficult to conceive. The Lord Mayor has since received several threatening letters, assuring him that the next attempt shall not fail. The Home Rule Association of Lambeth (for which borough the Lord Mayor sits in Parliament) have passed a resolution declaring that, while admitting that his support of "the infamous Coercion Bill" has created wide-spread dissatisfaction amongst his Irish constituents, they repudiate with indignation the imputation that such feeling had anything to do with this latest outrage, which they regard as part of a deep-laid scheme to throw discredit upon the people of Ireland.—Additional precautions are now being taken to ensure the safety of the Houses of Parliament. An extra watch is kept on all the vaults and passages in the basement of the building, and the police on duty at the doors are instructed to admit no strangers who carry bags without first satisfying themselves as to their contents.—At Greenock, on Tuesday, an explosion took place close to the Town Hall, shattering about 100 panes of glass in the windows of that building. It was at first thought to be an outrage, but it turned out to be due to the careless blasting operations of some men engaged in excavating foundations for a new building close by.—On Wednesday the Home Secretary received by post from Manchester a box containing an old rusty pistol, loaded, but not capped, with a written intimation that it was "the first instalment of the Arms Act." The affair is probably a joke, although some people profess to regard it in a serious light.

IRELAND.—No fresh arrests have been made under the Coercion Act, and the prisoners in Kilmainham Gaol seem to be very well satisfied with their condition; they have even decided to accept the prison dietary, and thus save the Land League the 3*s.* per day which it has hitherto paid for each of their dinners. Several meetings were held on Sunday, and one or two others during the week. At one of these gatherings Mr. Dillon, who is still one of the most prominent and defiant of the Land League orators, alluded to Mr. Justice Fitzgerald having last week told a jury that their verdict was against the weight of evidence, and that if such verdicts continued to be given, trial by jury must be done away with in Ireland; and said that "the Judge had better care that the Land League did not do away with him and his salary." The Archbishop of Cashel has written a letter to Mr. A. M. Sullivan, congratulating him on his "temperate and touching" reply to the Archbishop of Dublin, whose peculiar political theories are held in opposition to the cherished convictions of the overwhelming majority of the Irish priests and people, and whose likings and dislikings, though possibly of some consequence elsewhere, carry with them very little weight or significance in Ireland, except with a select few.

"THE DEMOCRATIC FEDERATION" is the designation finally decided upon by the new political party founded under the auspices of Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P. At the last meeting Professor Beesley expressed a strong doubt whether any new national organisation was advisable or possible until the working men's clubs were more numerous and better managed, and until they knew their own minds better; but in spite of this *douche* of cold water it was resolved to call a Conference of Delegates from Great Britain and Ireland, to be held in London on the Wednesday in Whitsun week, and in the meantime the following rather comprehensive list of "first principles" was agreed to, it being significantly added that "other measures would be dealt with later":—Adult suffrage, triennial Parliaments, equal electoral districts, payment of members of Parliament, the nationalisation of the land, the abolition of the House of Lords, bribery at elections to be declared felony, and legislative independence for Ireland.

THE ISLE OF MAN has curiously enough been the first part of the United Kingdom to acknowledge in a practical fashion the political rights of woman. The Manchester Women's Suffrage Society have already sent a congratulatory note to the newly enfranchised lady electors, adding to their felicitations the expression of a confident hope that the manner in which their votes are used will demonstrate the fitness of women for the exercise of political rights, and the baseness and futility of the objections thereto.

THE CHESTER ELECTION.—The Report of the Election Commissioners has just been published. They say that corrupt practices prevailed extensively at the general elections of 1874 and 1880, and of the 2,000 persons scheduled as guilty out of a constituency of less than 6,000, one was the Mayor, four are aldermen, and eight town-councillors. The great weapon of local electoral warfare is beer, and the party that can secure the public-houses usually win the victory. As to the action of the Carlton and Reform Clubs, the Commissioners say:—"We regard party organisations for the collection and distribution of election funds, as thus administered, as unequalled evils. We acquit Colonel Talbot and these gentlemen of any intention to corrupt; it is the system, not the individuals, we desire to censure. We were informed that a fund existed on the Liberal side, but could obtain no evidence that any portion of this fund found its way to Chester."

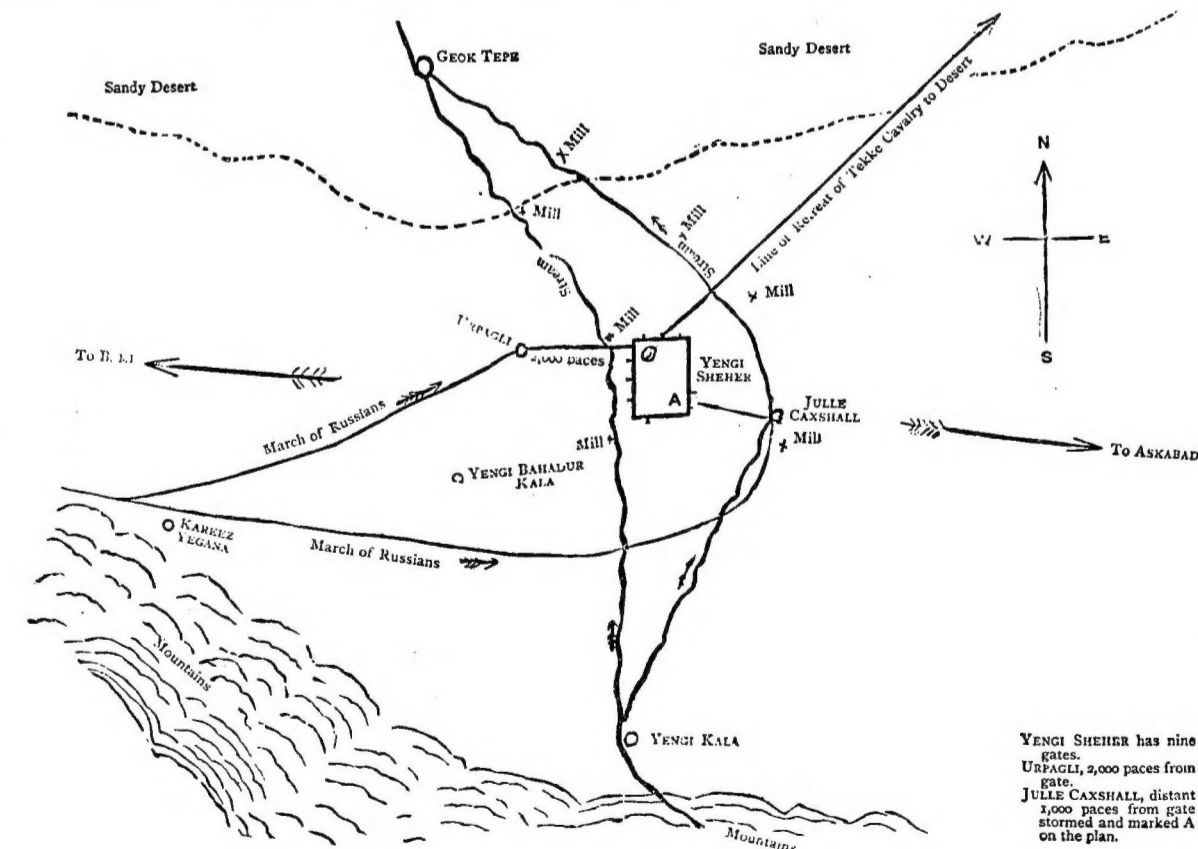
AFGHAN WAR MEDALS.—Her Majesty has conferred a medal with clasps for services in Afghanistan. The medal will be given to all who have served, irrespective of rank; but only those who took part in the following actions will be entitled to the clasps:—Ali Masjid, Peiwar Kotal, Charasiab, Cabul, Ahmed Khel, and Candahar. For the march from Cabul to Candahar with General Roberts a special bronze star will be given.

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY passed off with unusual quietness both throughout Ireland and in London, the chief out-door celebration of the anniversary being the general wearing of the shamrock by the sons and daughters of Erin. The only reported disturbance was at Aldershot, where some drunken Irish soldiers got up a fight in the streets with stones and sticks, and smashed some windows, but were ultimately overcome, and marched off to barracks by other soldiers with fixed bayonets.

GUY'S HOSPITAL.—The Governors of this Hospital have somewhat tardily settled the disputes about the nursing arrangements, by issuing a new set of regulations, in virtue of which the nurses will once more be regarded in their proper light—as subordinate to the medical officers of the institution. The "lady superintendent" reverts to her old title of matron, and each ward will be placed under the direction of a lady nurse, with two head nurses under her, and these will not be shifted about from one ward to another, as has lately been done.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY now contains some 1,020 pictures, exclusive of water-colour drawings. Last year the Gallery was visited by 1,036,125 persons, a daily average of 4,957, or 322 more than during 1879; while 22,622 students availed themselves of the privileges of copying days.

LONDON MORTALITY further decreased last week, and 1,459 deaths were registered against 1,590 during the previous seven days, a decline of 149, being 275 below the average, and at the rate of 20·5 per 1,000. There were 43 deaths from small-pox. There were 2,709 births against 2,831 the previous week, being 11 below the average.

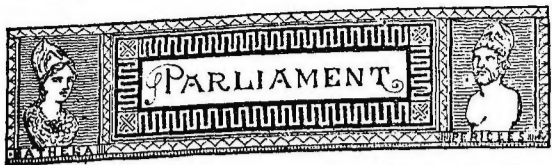


YENGI SHEHER has nine gates.
URAPGLI, 2,000 paces from gate.
JULLE CAXSHALL, distant 4,000 paces from gate, and marked A on the plan.

the mountains in the South to the desert in the North, where they disappear. These streams furnish the water supply to the population, and have many mills on their banks. Opposite each gate is a traverse to protect it from artillery fire, and within their solid entrenchments the Tekkes, under their chiefs, confidently awaited the Russian advance. The Russians pushed forward a strong force to Kareez Yegana, within seven miles of Yengi Sheher, and thence to a place called Urapgli, only two thousand paces from the walls, and, establishing some guns, shelled the town, without, however, doing much harm. Desperate sorties were made from time to time, and on one occasion two Russian guns and sixty prisoners were captured by the Turkomans. On the 11th January troops were pushed on and entrenched at a place called Jullé Caxshall, about

of Candahar was of paramount importance, and should be treated as a national and not a party question; and the Chairman was commissioned to present a petition signed on behalf of the meeting to the House of Commons.

THE MANSION HOUSE OUTRAGE.—Much excitement was created last week by the abortive attempt to blow up the Mansion House, which was made at a late hour on the Wednesday. The discovery was made, not by a policeman, as at first stated, but by a woman living near by, who on leaving her house saw a large parcel in a recess beneath one of the windows of the Egyptian Hall. She waited some minutes for the policeman on the beat, to whom she pointed it out, and who took it up and brushed away the smouldering lighted paper which was then seen to be attached, and which



On Monday the necessary business of Supply had so far advanced that the Prime Minister was able to make a statement with respect to public business that carried the House up to the Easter Recess, and even a day after the reassembling. It was then arranged, as has since been accomplished, that Thursday and Friday in this week should be appropriated to the discussion of Mr. Stanhope's motion, which is equivalent to a vote of No Confidence in the Government on the question of Candahar. On Monday the Mutiny Bill will be read a second time, and several private members whose opportunities have been wrecked on the rock of public business will have restitution made. On Thursday the Mutiny Bill will be taken in Committee. On Monday, April 4th, the Budget will be introduced; on Thursday, the 7th, Mr. Gladstone will bring in the Irish Land Bill; and on the following day the House will adjourn for the Easter Recess, which will last till Monday, the 25th, when the Second Reading of the Land Bill will be taken.

This was a statement that promised a quiet, useful three weeks' work previous to the holidays. On Monday the House set about its work in a manner which has already become familiar, though but a fortnight ago it seemed lost to Parliamentary usage. The votes which immediately came under consideration were those of the Army Estimates, in connection with the war in the Transvaal. On these, if the House were so pleased, a long and angry debate might be raised involving consideration of the whole policy in South Africa. But by common consent it was agreed that the inevitable discussion should be postponed to a more convenient season; and, this settled, members with one accord left the House. The appearance of empty benches gave to Ministers in charge of the votes fair promise of speedy progress. But one at least of the Irish members was not inclined altogether to abrogate his functions, and sit at ease whilst Ministers were voting money. Mr. T. D. Sullivan was left on guard by his compatriots, and as soon as the vote for the Army charges in connection with the Transvaal was put, he moved to reduce it by 10,000. The debate thereon did not last long, for the sufficient reason that there were none to debate. Mr. Sullivan had all the benches below the Gangway to himself, whilst on the benches above only Mr. Warton represented the great Conservative Party. Mr. Sullivan was so moved by the responsibility cast upon him, that when the question was put from the Chair he negatived his own amendment—a feat in Parliamentary tactics much enjoyed by the few members privileged to observe it.

Mr. Sullivan, nothing daunted by the disaster, objected to the vote as a whole when put, and insisted upon a division. If the Chairman had shown as much presence of mind in this case as he had done in the earlier development of Mr. Sullivan's eccentricity, an appreciable waste of time would have been saved. It is within the province of the Chairman of Committees (or the Speaker), even when acting outside Urgency rules, to call upon an objecting member to name a teller. Had Mr. Sullivan been challenged to do this immediately he objected to the vote he would have had to admit his weakness, and the vote would have been agreed to at eight o'clock instead of at twenty minutes past. But the Chairman did not put this crucial question until after the bell had rung, when five Irish members came in and a teller was available. Thereupon the division took place, with the result of disclosing the existence of a minority of some half-dozen.

Mr. Parnell, making one of his now rare appearances in the House of Commons, took the lead in opposition to the next vote, which was for charges incurred by the Admiralty in connection with the war. Time has been when such interposition at such a moment would have presaged a long wrangle and a wasted night. But Mr. Parnell is a changed man. He not only entertains the House in gentlest voice and with most mellifluous manner, but his actions correspond with his words. Earlier in the evening, when Mr. O'Donnell had brought up his trumpety charge against the Chairman of Committees, Mr. Parnell had interfered as a peacemaker, and had recommended his hon. friend not to press his motion to a division. Considering that Mr. Parnell had avowedly and specially derided his long-promised visit to Ireland, finally fixed again for Monday, in order that he might take part in what was expected to be a defiant debate, this was scarcely what might have been expected. "Call this a backing of your friends?" The mood then displayed was maintained throughout these critical moments in Committee of Supply. Mr. Parnell contented himself with entering his protest, and insisting on the cheap delights of a division. Then he went away, and for the rest of the night only English members meddled with Committee of Supply.

The votes taken after the Transvaal ranged themselves under the head of Civil Service, and included money for the Parks, and a special vote on account of the Home Office. Discussion on this last brought to light a remarkable fact, or rather confirmed startling statements current for some time. The money it seems is wanted to put right the drainage at the Home Office, which is in a marvellous condition. According to the testimony of the late occupant, Sir Richard Cross, a cursory investigation because of evil smells had led to the discovery of two feet of sewage at the basement of this magnificent building, recently erected regardless of cost. It seemed that nothing was to be done except to pump out this abomination, and endeavour to find some means of preventing a recurrence of the flow. For this the House was invited to vote a considerable sum of money, which it did after not unnatural hesitation, a strong disposition being shown to learn who was responsible for this stupendous scandal.

Another subject that supplied matter for interesting discussion was the vote for the parks. Some of the country members, representing large constituencies dowered with parks the gifts of eminent citizens, objected to the vote appropriating a certain sum of public money to the maintenance of the London parks. The story is an old one, coming up year after year, and generally with increased fervour in the first years of a new Parliament. But on Monday it at no time reached the proportions of serious debate, and considering the show of resistance made it was quite surprising to find that only thirty-four members went the length of voting against it.

On Tuesday Mr. Gladstone announced in the House of Commons the arrangement for peace with the Boers made a few hours earlier in South Africa. The statement was received with prolonged cheering from the Ministerial benches, the Conservative Opposition expressing by similar means their approval of particular stipulations. It is another sign of the extraordinary relapse which has fallen upon the House of Commons that the questions were unusually few, whilst the notices of motion were absolutely nil. Thus Mr. Chaplin found an early opportunity of moving his resolution, which desires to prohibit the importation of cattle from foreign countries where foot-and-mouth disease exists, or is suspected. There was a Whip out on both sides, but on neither was there much enthusiasm, either in the direction of hearing the speeches or of taking part in the division. The fact is that on a question like this cross interests are at work on both sides of the House. It is less a question of Liberal and Conservative than a borough and county member. As it was, party exigencies conflicted with loyalty to constituencies. Many county members on the Liberal side solved the difficulty by walking out of the House without voting, a course followed by many

of the borough members among the Conservatives. In the end the motion was rejected by 205 votes against 147.

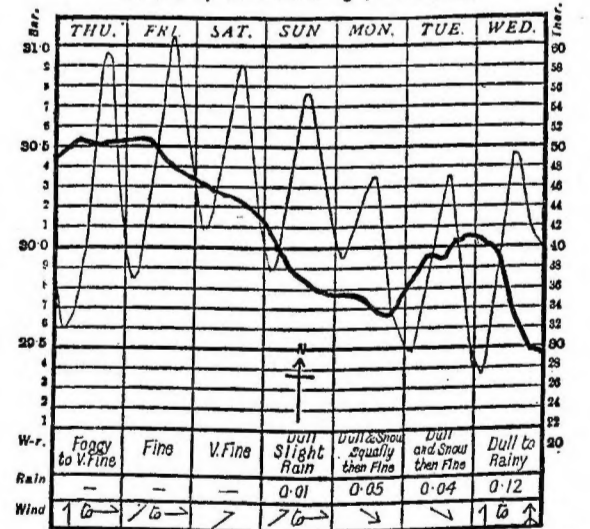
Wednesday afternoon was, for the first time this session, devoted to the legitimate use of private members. Mr. Chaplin seized the opportunity to move the Second Reading of a Bill described by himself as an Amendment of the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1875. It was not received with very great favour by the House. But the Home Secretary banteringly agreed to throw no obstacle in the way of the Second Reading, and eventually the Bill was read a second time, on the clear understanding that it would not be proceeded with further.



MR. BOOTH brings his series of Shakesperian revivals to a close this week with the *Merchant of Venice* and the *Taming of the Shrew*. In venturing on the unusual experiment of giving these two plays of Shakespeare on the same evening, this distinguished actor has probably been influenced mainly by a desire to conclude his impersonations with a striking evidence of his versatility. The malignant Shylock and the gay, frolicsome, yet determined Petruchio are creations as the poles asunder; and to enact these on the same evening clearly wears the appearance of a sort of *tour-de-force*. Experiments of this kind, however, are in their very nature infected with a taint of charlatanism. If either impersonation is good, the spectator may wonder at the quick change from grave to gay, but he is under no obligation to admire on that account. Each does not necessarily give each a double charm; nor does sheer juxtaposition receive any of that enhancement of beauty which is assumed by the poet to accrue to pearls when placed upon an Ethiop's arm. But if nothing is gained something is certainly lost. Two five-act plays, we need hardly say, cannot be crowded into the space between a quarter to eight and a quarter past eleven. Hence these works have been cruelly mangled and defaced; and to tell the truth very little care is bestowed on any object save that of presenting Mr. Booth in "strong situations," as the actors express it, of both plays. Mr. Booth's Shylock, seen under these conditions, will not enhance his reputation among us. His Jew is the fierce, malignant creature which he has always been represented since Shakespeare was really seriously studied, either by players or the public, until the recent heresy introduced by Mr. Coghlan of presenting him as a comparatively mild and gentlemanly personage crept in. With these new-fangled notions Mr. Booth will have nothing to do. He is all hate and cunning and fraud, and is certainly no champion of religious liberty as Mr. Irving (perhaps erroneously) has been supposed to consider him; indeed, a mediaeval Hebrew could hardly be conceived to trouble his head with the abstract doctrines of Mr. Mill's famous essay on "Liberty." The slight disappointment which the performance caused arose, however, chiefly from the lack of spontaneity and genuine energy felt in the midst of some of the actor's most energetic displays. His Petruchio, on the contrary, must have been to most of the spectators a welcome surprise, from the spirit and sincerity which he was able to infuse into Petruchio's wild tricks and boisterous escapades. The company in general is somewhat depressed by the conditions under which they serve; though a new actress, Miss Masson, who plays the part of Portia and Katherine, gives evidence of talent, and even of familiarity with the stage. Next week the theatre will remain closed up to Saturday, when Mr. Richard Lee's original romantic drama, called *Branded*, is to be performed for the first time.

Madame Modjeska will play Juliet to-night for the first time in England, in a revival of *Romeo and Juliet* at the COURT Theatre. A new drama, entitled *Gerts*, is to be produced at the PARK Theatre this evening.—On the 16th of April Miss Isabel Bateman will produce at SADLER'S WELLS an original play by Mr. H. A. Jones, author of *A Clerical Error*.

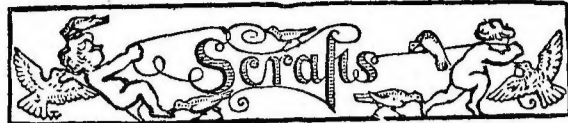
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK MARCH 17 TO MARCH 23 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the earlier part of this period the weather was extremely fine and mild. A large area of high pressure lay close to our neighbourhood, and light westerly or south-westerly winds prevailed, while temperature readings, varying between 58 deg. and 61 deg., were registered at midday on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday (17th, 18th, and 19th inst.). On Friday (18th inst.), however, it was evident that the area of high pressure was receding to the south-westward of us, and as depressions of some importance were beginning to show themselves in the north of the kingdom, the general appearance was gradually becoming less settled. On Sunday (20th inst.) the sky became very dull, and a little rain fell, while on Monday, when the wind had shifted to the north-west, some snow squalls occurred. The shift of wind brought us much cooler weather, and the maxima registered on Monday and Tuesday (21st and 22nd inst.) were as much as 14 deg. lower than that of Friday (18th inst.). Some more snow fell on Tuesday morning (22nd inst.), but the after part of that day was extremely fine and bright. On Wednesday (23rd inst.) the appearance of a deep depression off our extreme northern coasts caused our wind to return to the southward, and the sky at the same time became very cloudy, with a rainy appearance. The barometer was highest (30.53 inches) on Friday (18th inst.); lowest (29.47 inches) on Friday (18th inst.); lowest (28 deg.) on Wednesday (23rd inst.); range, 33 deg. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0.22 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.12 inches, on Wednesday (23rd inst.).

M. IVAN TOURGENIEFF, the well-known Russian novelist, spends most of his time in Paris, living in the family of the singer Madame Pauline Viardot. Tall, upright, with his long white hair and beard and amiable expression, he greatly resembles the traditional Father Christmas. He hesitates slightly in speaking, but his sentences are always well-turned and to the point. Somewhat lazy and of a placid nature, M. Tourgenieff is a decided gourmet, and frequently enjoys dainty little dinners with his favourite companions in literature, Messrs. Zola, Daudet, and De Goncourt.



A DAILY PAPER WITHOUT ANY NAME is now being published at Cincinnati, in the United States.

A LOAN EXHIBITION of Spanish and Portuguese Ornamental Art is to be held at the South Kensington Museum this summer.

"CHANDOO-DANDOO" is the euphonious title of cricket in the Marathi language, and the game itself is becoming highly popular amongst Hindoo youths.

THE QUAIN OLD HOUSE "SIR PETER PINDAR" in Bishops-gate is shortly to be pulled down, and efforts are being made to induce South Kensington to acquire this capital specimen of Old English domestic architecture.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY was opened to the members of the Sunday Society last Sunday evening, and was visited by a large number of persons. Next Sunday the public will be admitted by tickets, to be obtained from the Honorary Secretary.

THE VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BIRDS belonging to the late Mr. John Gould has been offered to the British Museum for 3,000. This collection includes some magnificent specimens of humming birds, mounted in glass cases, with a quantity of similar specimens in skin as well as numbers of other groups of birds.

SOME INTERESTING CHINESE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS have been presented to France by the Chinese Ambassador. The greatest curiosity is a *Biva*, a kind of four-stringed lyre, on which mandarins only are allowed to play. The Emperor is an excellent *Biva* performer, and never loses an opportunity of showing off his skill.

THIRTY POUNDS FOR AN OLD POSTAGE STAMP seems rather a high price, and yet this was the sum recently offered to an American for a "Pittsylvania Courthouse Stamp," only three of which are believed now to exist. This stamp was issued by the local postmaster in 1861, when Virginia had seceded, and before the Confederate Government had commenced any issue of postage.

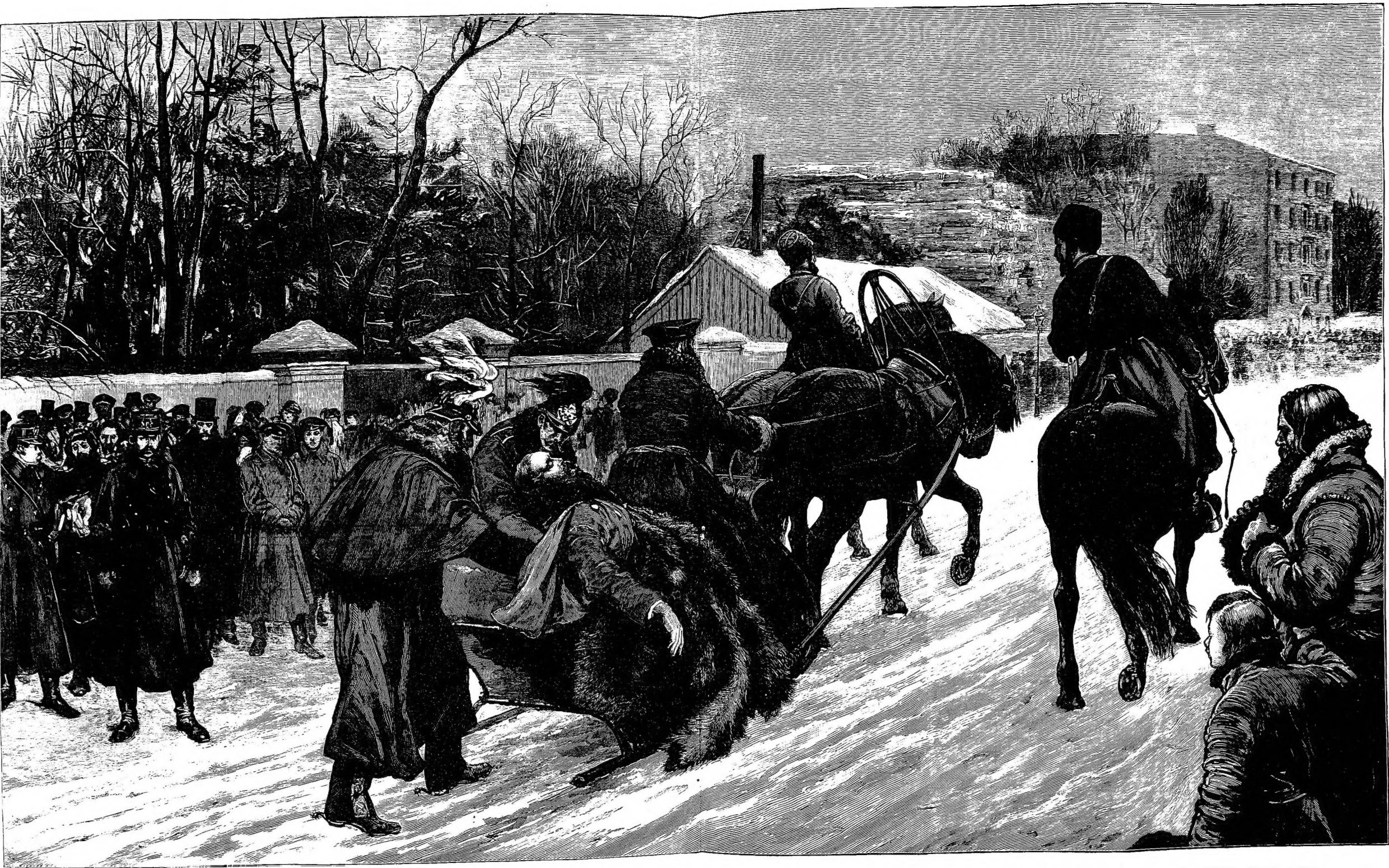
PRINCE BISMARCK'S BIRTHDAY, on April 1, has hitherto never been forgotten by the peasants of Jever, in the Duchy of Oldenburg, who annually send him 100 plovers' eggs. Recent changes in taxation, however, have somewhat annoyed the Prince's provincial admirers, who, instead of their usual presents, have forwarded some rough doggerel verses, notifying that the "hen lapwing no longer lays eggs, she is afraid of a tax."

LENTEN TOILETTES in Paris this year are highly devotional in style, hue, and title. Fair devotees adopt Church colours, such as Carmelite, Bishop's purple, pilgrim grey, and canoness's blue, while if they indulge in the mild dissipation of a family dinner they wear a white serge dress *à la novice*, or choose "nun's veil" for a sacred concert. Their mantles are the "Capucin" or the "Abbé," a "Franciscan" cord encircles their waist, an "Augustine" hood or a "Monsignor" hat shades their face, and an *aumônier* for their charitable donations, and a handsome rosary hang from the belt. Floral bouquets are prohibited, and the only admissible jewels are pearls, as representing the penitential tear.

THE SINGULAR FEARS OF THE NATIVES respecting the late Indian Census were highly remarkable. In Calcutta on the eventful night the streets were deserted from early in the evening, as it was firmly believed that any one perambulating the Queen's highway after dark would be decapitated. Moreover a rumour had been spread that at 9 P.M. all gas-lamps were to be extinguished, and every inhabitant must then keep burning a lamp or candle. Consequently quantities of oil were bought up, and on the Census night not a candle was to be purchased. In one quarter of the city it was rumoured that a male and a female European would enter each house and decapitate the inhabitants, while a more amusing report was that the Government wanted to provide wives for the soldiers returned from Afghanistan, and were going to count the available brides. The coolies in the Darjeeling district bolted *en masse* to the jungle, dreading some unknown horror; while the Nepalese believed that a child would be taken from each house, and its head put under the foundations of a neighbouring bridge, the trunk being placed on the tramway for the engine to run over.

THE LONDON CITY MISSION.—At a large and influential meeting held recently at the Mansion House in reference to the affairs of the London City Mission, some very interesting particulars were given as regards the extent and importance of that valuable religious combination. As is generally known, the object of the Mission is to convey by systematic house-to-house visitation, and without any reference to denominational distinctions, the consolation of the Gospel, and to provide comforts and necessities for the sick. The number of missionaries is now 447, and each visits once a month in regular course 500 families, averaging 2,000 individuals. Each missionary costs 100l. a year, so that it will be seen that a sum of nearly 50,000l. has to be found to keep the Mission in efficient working order, and this in addition to other heavy and unavoidable expenses. The object of the Mansion House meeting was to enlist the sympathies of the wealthier citizens. As showing the broad field that exists in one locality alone for the exercise of such good work as the City Mission undertakes, it was mentioned by the Rev. R. C. Billing, Rector of Spitalfields, that in his parish alone there were more than a hundred common lodging-houses, each one providing from 30 to 400 beds nightly, and that amongst the deplorably destitute lodgers were members of the aristocracy, magistrates, barristers, and officers of the army and navy, a weakness for intoxicating stimulants being mainly the cause of their degradation.

THIS YEAR'S PARIS SALON, under its new management, promises to be exceptionally brilliant, as most of the best French artists have contributed in order to support the altered régime. Indeed the jury will have harder work than usual, for 9,000 pictures have been sent in, and out of these only 2,500 works can be hung. There will be some particularly fine landscapes and interesting portraits, although M. Bonnat's promised likeness of M. Gambetta will after all not be amongst the latter, as it is scarcely begun. The artist will be represented, however, by portraits of the Princesses Potocka and M. Cogniet. M. de Neuville's two contributions are greatly admired; his "Corner of the Cemetery at St. Privat," which depicts a furious struggle between the French and Germans, being highly dramatic. The same painter's "Despatch-bearer" shows a French peasant being searched. M. Detaille, as we mentioned some time ago, sends a "Distribution of the Colours"—a subject also chosen by MM. Reil and Becker; M. Carolus Duran contributes the "Entombment of Christ," on which he has been engaged for three years; and M. Henner curiously contrasts a graceful "Nymph gazing into a Stream" with a muscular and painfully realistic "St. Jérôme." Mlle. Louise Abbéma will be represented by a feminine portrait and "Hours of Study," while the clever water-colour artist, M. Heilbuth, sends an oil study of two charming damsels in a boat. M. Gill, caricaturist, contributes a likeness of the Communist, Jules Vallès, and two genre pictures; M. Duez a portrait of M. de Neuville, and a scene at evening on the sea-shore; and M. Bastien Lepage a "Beggar," and a portrait of Albert Wolff, the critic of the *Figaro*. In opposition to the Salon there will be the usual "Exhibition des Intransigents," whose members find their profits on the increase, and who this year will be largely recruited from the ranks of the unlucky 7,500 rejected ones from the Palais de l'Industrie.



AFTER THE ASSASSINATION — COLONEL DVORKETSKY, CHIEF OF THE POLICE, CONVEYING THE WOUNDED CZAR TO THE WINTER PALACE



THE REVOLT IN THE TRANSVAAL.—The peace negotiations have proved successful, and the Boers have substantially accepted the terms of the British Government. The final settlement of affairs will now be arranged by a Royal Commission at Heidelberg, of which Sir Hercules Robinson, Sir Evelyn Wood, and the Chief Justice of the Cape, Mr. de Villiers, will be the British members; while the armistice will be further prolonged for two months to give time for the negotiations. Holding out stoutly to the last for their independence, the Boers have obtained the promise of complete self-government; but the Queen will exercise suzerainty over the Transvaal, and England will maintain a Resident at the future Boer capital, and control the foreign relations. Although the Boers tried hard to insist upon the immediate departure of the English troops, the British garrisons will remain in the Transvaal till the final settlement is complete, the Boers meanwhile withdrawing from Laing's Nek, and breaking up their forces. With the terms of peace the Royal Commission will have to consider the protection of native interests and the frontier arrangements, and will also decide whether any portion of the Eastern territory shall be severed from the Transvaal. Altogether the conditions are decidedly favourable to the Boers, who seem to have been tolerably firm throughout the interviews, while President Brand and Sir Evelyn Wood worked hard in the interests of peace. It can hardly be doubted that the arrangement is viewed very unfavourably throughout the colony, as both civil and military opinion has been steadily averse to peace under the present conditions. Indeed, the British colonists openly declare the peace to be most humiliating, and calculated to irretrievably damage England's prestige. Still it will be felt satisfactory that the British troops are not to be hurried out of the Transvaal, but kept in readiness should any further complications arise. General Wood and the Boer leaders had a final interview on Wednesday to settle sundry minor details, and the Boers were to leave Laing's Nek on Thursday. Sir E. Wood will now shortly go back to Heidelberg, and no further troops will be pushed to the front, the main body being gathered at Newcastle. Probably the Boers were the more anxious to fulfil the promised withdrawal from Laing's Nek, as their camp was thoroughly unhealthy, and much sickness prevailed. Indeed, Mr. Kruger himself has been ill, and unable to appear at some of the interviews. Good news comes from all the beleaguered garrisons, Wakkerstroom being fairly off for provisions when the relief waggons arrived; while Pretoria enlivened the monotony of the siege by sundry sorties upon the Boer laagers, and a small skirmish respecting a watercourse, in which the garrison do not appear to have had the best of it. Up to March 4th the casualties at Pretoria were eighty killed and 160 wounded. The Potchefstroom garrison also had a brush with the enemy, General Hay scoring a small success.

RUSSIA.—The remains of Alexander II. have been lying in State, awaiting the final funeral ceremonies of to-morrow (Sunday). St. Petersburg has rarely seen a more imposing spectacle than the procession accompanying the late Czar's body on Saturday from the Winter Palace to the Fortress of St. Peter and Paul. Crowds of soldiers, nobles, priests, and deputations of all kinds, the Holy Banner of Moscow, and the late Czar's nine crowns and innumerable foreign decorations, preceded the funeral car, with its massive canopy of cloth of gold and white plumes, behind which walked Alexander III. alone, followed by the remaining members of the Imperial family. Arrived at the Cathedral, the Grand Dukes themselves bore their father's coffin to a magnificent catafalque in the centre of the nave, the new Czar removing the lid and standing at the head while a religious service was performed. This over, the Emperor and Empress kissed their dead father's hand, and, like homage being paid by the rest of the family and the officials according to their rank, the body was left under the charge of a guard of honour, who watch in turn night and day in company with the priests. Various Russian officials and the public in general have been daily admitted to pay the last respects to their late ruler, and the city has been filling rapidly with Princes and representatives from all countries to attend to-morrow's ceremonial. Amidst all Saturday's pomp, the extreme precautions against any Nihilistic demonstration contrasted forcibly with the official signs of mourning. Black and white draperies shrouded the houses, and the lamp posts along the line of route, but the inhabitants were almost barricaded in their homes, being warned to be careful whom they admitted as spectators, while troops thickly lined the streets, and a force of police kept the populace still further back. Undemonstrative as the Russian lower classes are, the great majority were deeply affected, and hearty regret for the late Czar appears to be felt amongst the peasants of the Empire. A memorial church is to be built on the spot of the Czar's assassination, where a shrine has already been erected.

It promises well for Alexander III.'s future that no very drastic measures have been taken, notwithstanding the alarm prevailing in St. Petersburg. True, a good many arrests have been made, but on the other hand the trial of the prisoners implicated in the assassination is not to be conducted by court-martial as in previous cases, but before the Senate. The prisoners are four: Risakoff, who was caught red-handed; Jeliabow, taken two days before, but who has acknowledged his complicity; and Michailoff and Jessie Helfman, who were seized by the police at the house in Little Garden Street where the mine was found. This mine was excavated under a butter and cheese shop, below a cellar, which had been inhabited for some time by two peasants. Dynamite and other explosives were found in the gallery, which extended some distance under the road and, in the event of an explosion, would have caused serious mischief. The suspicions of the police had been aroused previously, and the shop had been searched, but the examination is believed to have been only superficial, and an inquiry on the question is now being conducted. Rumours of fresh discoveries of explosives and of other mines are naturally prevalent, but the Nihilists have kept pretty quiet at home, and beyond sundry threatening proclamations addressed to the new Czar, seem to prefer acting from a distance. There is no doubt that the headquarters of the movement are at Geneva, where, according to the correspondent of *The Times*, the leading spirit is an ex-professor of the Kieff University. Here the refugees are received and protected, and many of the Nihilist journals and pamphlets are issued, while, thanks to the conflicting regulations of each Swiss Canton, the exiles are enabled to move from place to place when suspicion arises. The Nihilists, however, appear to be growing more cautious, for at a recent meeting M. Joukovsky protested against the reports of their doings spread by M. Rochefort in his *Intransigent*, stigmatising the lengthy correspondences in that journal touching the Nihilist organisation as forgeries. Nevertheless, M. Krapotkin, a very prominent Revolutionist, did not hesitate to defend the Czar's murder.

Returning to purely home affairs, Alexander III. will be crowned at Moscow when the six months' strict mourning have expired, and will then probably remain there for a lengthened period. This prospect has greatly excited the National party, who call on the Czar to make Moscow his capital in the place of St. Petersburg, and thus inaugurate a totally new régime. Alexander, however, cautiously delays to announce any definite plans, and those journals which so openly advocated Liberalism, and the granting of a Constitution,

have been warned to moderate their language. The only steps taken have been the nomination of a new Prefect of Police, M. Baranoff; the promise to reduce in twenty-three Governments the payments due from the peasants for the redemption of the land allotted them on their freedom; and the issue of a circular of remarkably peaceable tone to the Foreign Powers. The document seems carefully framed to refute any alarmist reports, for it asserts that "Russia will remain faithful to her friends," "the foreign policy will be entirely pacific," "the Emperor will first give his attention to the internal organisation of the State," and "only the duty of protecting her honour or security will divert his attention." These declarations have produced a fairly reassuring effect abroad, although sundry sneers come from the Berlin and Vienna. In the event of any disaster to the Czar the Empress and the Grand Dukes Michael and Vladimir, uncle and brother to the Czar, have been appointed Regents.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—Weary of fruitless suggestions and of the Porte's vacillation, the Ambassadors have again summoned Turkey to state the maximum of her concessions without further delay. The Porte on Saturday made a proposition accepting the suggestion to cede Crete—which seems by the way to have originated with England—but considering this cession as an equivalent for all with England—and thus considering this cession as an equivalent for the proposed territory in Thessaly and Epirus. This solution of course met with scant favour, and after referring the proposal to their respective Governments, the Ambassadors replied that they considered the negotiations virtually broken off, but at the same time were ready to communicate any further offer to the Powers. The offer, however, must state the utmost concession, and be immediate. Meanwhile the Ambassadors are conferring among themselves, and secrecy is so carefully observed that even should any result be obtained, nothing will be divulged, the negotiations being then transferred to Athens. It appears that the Ambassadors have maintained a very reserved attitude throughout the deliberations, refusing to state the minimum of Europe's requirements, and leaving the Turks to do the talking. It is perfectly clear that Crete alone is not sufficient to satisfy the Greek claims. Indeed this proposition includes a smaller amount of territory than has been at any time hinted at, and unless Turkey very quickly sees the error of her ways all hopes of a peaceable solution are ended. Should she persist in her obstinacy, and should war break out, Turkey will only too probably have to reckon upon the open hostility of Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria, whose chronic discontent daily becomes aggravated by the foolish action of the Turkish officials.

FRANCE continues entirely absorbed in the one great topic of the day, *Scrutin de Liste*. This question even threatened to produce a Ministerial crisis, for the Cabinet were divided on the propriety of stating their views in the Chamber, and were only united by M. Grévy's express desire that they should remain perfectly neutral. Whether it will be possible for them to keep to their resolution when the debate comes on is very doubtful, for malicious deputies may force the Ministers to speak out. M. Ferry has, however, put the case plainly before the Committee, who are to draw up the report on the *scrutin* question, explaining that although the Government has a perfect right to intervene in such matters, it was thought unwise to express any opinion on the present subject lest this opinion should on the eve of the elections cause party divisions. The Committee have now appointed an opponent of the Bill as reporter. Of course, the extreme journals taunt the Cabinet for humiliating itself to M. Gambetta, but nevertheless the Government's intention accords with the views of the chief Republicans, and is very generally considered as a mark of respect paid by M. Grévy to M. Gambetta in avoiding avowed opposition. Meanwhile the two Houses are very dull, and beyond a mild interpellation respecting the New Loan, which has been wonderfully successful, and has been covered fifteen times over, public business has been uninteresting. The Communists, however, have given people plenty to talk about. On the anniversary of the Commune banquets and speeches abounded, Socialist journals came out on red paper of a disappointingly light hue, and Mdlle. Louise Michel sang a psalm of delight over the Nihilistic success, and classed the Socialists, the Boers, and the Irish in one glorious category. Her effusions have been passed over, unlike the articles of the *Intransigent* and three other journals on the Russian outrage, whose proprietors have been condemned to various fines and terms of imprisonment. M. Rochefort, however, escaped with the fine, for the Government does not want to furnish him with a fresh halo of martyrdom. Paris has been mourning the death of her Governor, General Clinchant, and of M. Gustave Doré's mother, and applauding M. Gambetta's speech at a meeting of a benevolent society, the Commercial Union. M. Gambetta spoke most energetically of his anxiety for the people's welfare, lauded the Republican régime, and declared the State to be now above the danger of a Dictatorship.—The Italian opera house at Nice has been burnt down during the performance, and it is feared many lives have been lost.

GERMANY.—Emperor William kept his eighty-fourth birthday on Tuesday, but the usual rejoicings were much curtailed by the death of the Czar. Court mourning, however, could not prevent the Royal Family from congratulating the aged monarch, nor the German people in general from showing their affection, and the popular enthusiasm is said to have been more marked than usual. Alexander III. was one of the first to congratulate the Emperor, and this circumstance is looked upon as a good augury for future friendship. There is a fresh storm brewing in Parliament over the defrayal of the cost for the inclusion of Altona in the Customs' Union, and Prince Bismarck will probably come to the House to support his measure. Taxation bills are still being considered, and it was remarked, as a curious coincidence, that on the same day that Prince Bismarck's protective tariff was being lauded in Parliament, 1,100 emigrants left Berlin alone. Indeed, the emigration fever runs so high that extra steamers have to be chartered, and the subject has been brought before the Reichstag, one Deputy stating that his own province had last year supplied 12,300 emigrants. A Bill to regulate emigration is now being prepared by the Government.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—The preparations for leaving Candahar are now entirely completed, and the British troops are only awaiting the arrival of Abdurrahman's forces to hand over the city. The Ameer's troops are expected early next month, but should they delay, the British will be exposed to the dangers of a long march in the hot season, while it seems very dubious whether, when they do arrive, the Afghans will be strong enough to hold Candahar against Ayoub Khan unaided. It seems that the offer to resign Candahar to the Ameer was hinted at last year, and formally made in January, the time of evacuation being specified. Since then the chief Candahari Sardars have tendered allegiance to Abdurrahman, but the Ameer will have to count with the great majority of the inhabitants, who not only prefer British rule, but are afraid of punishment for their late espousal of Ayoub's cause. In India itself, the native press condemn the British evacuation more and more, and fully support the opinion of the English colony.

MISCELLANEOUS.—PORTUGAL is getting up considerable excitement against England concerning the treaty of Lorenzo Marques, and indignation meetings have been held at Lisbon.—In ITALY Leo XIII. has been protesting against the profanation of saints' days.—THE UNITED STATES now contains 43,404,876 white, against 6,577,151 black inhabitants. President Garfield is hesitating whether to convene an extra Session of Congress on financial grounds. There has been a tremendous snow storm in the North-West; and the Land Leaguers continue most active, having now 1,085 branches in the States.



THE Queen will only remain at Windsor for ten days longer, as Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice leave on the 5th inst. to spend Easter in the Isle of Wight. Next week the Queen comes up to town for a few days to hold on Tuesday next the Drawing Room postponed through the Czar's death. Strict mourning is, however, to be worn on this occasion, only brides and *debutantes* being allowed to appear in white. Meanwhile Her Majesty has received very few visitors at Windsor, but has given audience to Lords Sydney and Kenmare as bearers from the Houses of Parliament of the addresses of condolence on the Russian outrage. On Saturday the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters lunched with the Queen, and Prince Leopold arrived from London, while in the evening Earl and Countess Granville dined with Her Majesty. Next morning the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Rev. Boyd Carpenter preached, and subsequently Her Majesty gave audience to Earl Granville. In the evening Lady Biddulph dined at the Castle. On Monday Prince Leiningen lunched with the Queen, and on Tuesday Viscount Hawarden had an audience, while in the evening Earl Sydney, Lord Northbrook, and Lady Emma Baring dined with Her Majesty. Next day the Queen and the Princess Beatrice visited Princess Frederica at Hampton Court, and Her Majesty on Thursday would hold a private investiture of the Order of the Bath. The electric light is shortly to be used in Windsor Castle. The Queen has visited Stoke Park, near Slough, with a view to its purchase.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have gone to Russia to be present at the late Czar's funeral, the Prince directly representing the Queen, who also sends the Master of Her Majesty's Household, Sir J. Cowell. The Princess's visit to St. Petersburg is due to the earnest request of her sister, the new Empress. Before leaving town the Prince went to the funeral of Count Jaraczewski, and on Sunday with the Princess attended Divine service. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught lunched at Marlborough House on Monday, and the Duchess of Teck also called, and in the evening the same members of the Royal Family, with the Duke of Cambridge, were at the Victoria Station to see the Prince and Princess off. A favourite dog of the Princess's accompanied them to the station, and, as the train started, managed to slip his collar and rush down the line after the carriage containing his mistress. Vigorous search was made for him in vain. The Prince and Princess crossed to Calais and went straight to Berlin, where they stayed a short time on Tuesday night to meet the members of the German Royal Family, and then left for St. Petersburg, arriving there on Thursday afternoon. They have taken with them floral wreaths to lay on the Czar's coffin, including a chaplet from the Queen. The Prince and Princess are expected home about April 4th, and next day the Prince will hold a *levée*. On May 9th the Prince will preside at the Festival Dinner of the Hospital for Women and Children in Waterloo Bridge Road.

Princess Louise is at Genoa.—The Duchess of Connaught was thrown out of her carriage on Saturday, the ponies which she was driving having run away. The Duchess was unhurt.—Prince Leopold is much better, and on Saturday presided at a meeting of the Committee for promoting the coming Spanish and Portuguese Art Exhibition at South Kensington.

The eldest sister of the Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel, whose illness we mentioned last week, has died at Rumpenheim, at the age of eighty-seven, and the Duke of Teck has gone to her funeral. The Duchess has thus lost her two sisters and her only brother within three months.—The Empress of Austria leaves England next week.



A PROPOSED NEW BISHOPRIC.—At a meeting held last week at Berwick-on-Tweed in furtherance of the scheme for the division of the Diocese of Durham, the Archdeacon of Lindisfarne stated that by the Act of Parliament 50,000*l.* was required as an endowment to guarantee an income of 3,500*l.* a year to the new Bishop of Newcastle. The Bishop of Durham had promised 1,000*l.* per annum, and had contributed 3,000*l.* to the fund. The Risbey bequest amounted to 16,000*l.*, and the Duke of Northumberland had given 10,000*l.* Altogether 32,500*l.* had been raised. It was suggested that the name of the new see should be Lindisfarne, there having been a Bishop with that title from 635 to 990.

CURATES' STIPENDS.—According to a Parliamentary paper which has just been issued, there were in the year 1879 in thirty Dioceses of England and Wales 11,186 incumbents resident, 1,509 incumbents non-resident, 387 curates in sole charge, and 4,888 assistant curates. Of the curates in sole charge one received a stipend of 20*l.*, one of 30*l.*, three stipends of 40*l.*, thirty-two of 80*l.*, seventy-eight of 100*l.*, twenty-two of 200*l.*, and there were individual instances of stipends amounting to 250*l.*, 270*l.*, 290*l.*, and 300*l.*, this last being the highest sum paid. Of the assistant curates two got board and lodging for their services; two the pew-rents; six, 1*l.* per week; four, 10*l.* a year; twenty-three, 20*l.*; fifteen, 30*l.*; twenty-nine, 40*l.*; ninety, 50*l.*; four hundred and thirty-nine, 100*l.*; one thousand and fourteen, 120*l.*; one thousand one hundred, 150*l.*; one hundred and sixty-two, 200*l.*; thirteen, 250*l.*; and two, 300*l.* A somewhat curious addition to these figures has since been furnished by Mr. C. Powell, of the Church of England Working Men's Society, who states that the stipend of the Rev. A. H. Stanton, of St. Alban's, Holborn, senior curate, is five shillings per annum.

ORATORIOS ON GOOD FRIDAY.—The performances of the *Messiah*, which have of late years been quite common in Town Halls and other public buildings, are this year forbidden in all buildings over which the Middlesex Magistrates have control, a circular having been issued to the effect that any breach of the regulations will endanger the license. It is difficult to understand the reason for this edict. From a religious point of view it must surely be better that those people who do not go to church should attend such semi-sacred performances than spend the entire day in purely secular pastime.

SUNDAY LABOUR IN THE CITY.—The Committee of the Sunday Society have sent a letter to the Lord Mayor, asking him to call the attention of the Court of Common Council to the report that on Sunday last workmen were engaged in putting up the electric-light apparatus in the City, and request them to take the necessary steps to prevent the repetition of such unnecessary work, which they disapprove, on the ground that it would endanger the preservation of Sunday as a day of leisure, when the mass of the population are able to avail themselves of the elevating influences of Religion, Science, Literature, and Art.

EXETER HALL is to be reopened on Tuesday next, its day of jubilee, and will henceforth be known as the head-quarters of the

MARCH 26, 1881

Young Men's Christian Association. Extensive alterations have been made in the building at a cost of 23,000*l.*, of which 14,000*l.* has already been subscribed; and an appeal is now made by the Committee for contributions towards the remainder of the sum.

SURREY CHAPEL, famous for half a century as the building in which the witty and somewhat eccentric Rowland Hill preached, and subsequently, until a few years ago, occupied by the Rev. and subsequently, until a few years ago, occupied by the Rev. Newman Hall and his congregation, has now ceased to be a place of worship, the property having reverted to the freeholders in consequence of the lapse of the lease. On Wednesday last week a valedictory service for the old congregation was conducted by the Revs. Newman Hall and Henry Grainger, and on Sunday last the Rev. Mr. Senior preached in the morning; and in the evening there was a united Holy Communion Service, after which the Rev. Newman Hall delivered the closing address.

RITUALISTIC PROSECUTIONS.—The Rev. S. F. Green, of Miles Platting, was arrested on Saturday last and lodged in Lancaster Gaol, for contempt of Court in persisting in Ritualistic practices. Mrs. Green and her family have left the Rectory in the hands of the bailiffs, who have been in possession there for some weeks, and the furniture, &c., is to be sold by auction to defray the costs of the Church Association in its suit against Mr. Green. An immediate application will be made for a writ of *habeas corpus*, but it is said that there are several points of law in connection with the case which have not been presented in prosecutions of other Ritualistic clergymen.—The Rev. R. W. Enraght, of Bordesley, Birmingham, has received notice that on Saturday (to-day) an application for his commitment to prison will be made to Lord Penzance, but it is doubtful whether this new prosecution will be proceeded with at present, as an appeal to the House of Lords has been lodged on his behalf.



M. LAMOUREUX.—The programme of this clever gentleman's second concert was again almost entirely devoted to music by French composers, the exceptions being airs from Spontini's *Fernand Cortez* and Gluck's *Armide*, both sung by Madame Brunet-Lafleur, who this time ignored her artistic compatriots—a pity, seeing how ably she can represent them. The gifted French pianist, Madame Montigny-Rémaury, however, selected for her chief display a concerto in F minor, by Charles Marie Widor, of Lyons, who quitted his native city for Paris on being appointed organist to St. Sulpice, a post he has since filled with high credit. M. Widor has written a good many pieces in various styles, all showing talent of a serious order. A more favourable example could scarcely have been offered than the concerto played with such admirable brilliancy and taste by Madame Rémaury, who created general interest in the work, and obtained for herself two hearty and unanimous "recalls." The orchestral accompaniments were so thoroughly well given as to prove that M. Lamoureux is no less expert in directing the performance of a concerto than that of a symphony. The other orchestral pieces comprised three numbers from a *Suite* by Massenet, written for these concerts; the overture to *Sigurd*, an unpublished opera by Ernest Reyser; the familiar *Danse Macabre* of Camille Saint-Saëns; and four numbers from *Sylvia*, a ballet by Léo Delibes, composer of *Jean de Nivelle*, one of the most successful operas recently produced in Paris. If the excerpts from *Sylvia* were the liveliest, the overture to *Sigurd* may claim to be the most curious and original of these pieces. M. Reyser is the composer of *La Statue*, produced twenty years since at the Théâtre Lyrique, and still regarded as his best stage work. He succeeded Felicien David, in 1876, as member of the Académie des Beaux Arts, replacing the late Berlioz and his colleague, Joseph d'Ortigue, in the musical *feuilleton* of the *Débats*, and is a fervent upholder of the theories of Richard Wagner.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Only a sketch of Schubert's projected 7th Symphony being in existence, its place was filled on Saturday by the two finished movements of the No. 8 (B minor), which, followed by the splendid *entr'acte*, in the same key, from the drama of *Rosamunde*, and aided by such a performance as that under Mr. Manns, afforded ample compensation. There was also a novelty, in the form of a "dramatic cantata," words by Mr. W. Grist, music by Mr. Henry Gadsby. The subject is the voyage of discovery made by Columbus in the *Santa Maria*. The successive incidents comprise the cheerful hopefulness of the crew, midway on their passage, kindled by the enthusiasm of their leader; the various stages of discontent, culminating in mutiny, as the desired land seems further and further off; the calm which, holding the ship motionless, drives them to furious threats; and ultimately the sight of the longed-for land which opens the New World to their gaze and restores once more confidence in their adventurous chief. All this has been fashioned into an exciting little drama by Mr. Grist, whose verse, it may be added, is of a superior order, both as regards rhythm and sensible expression. Mr. Gadsby makes excellent use of the materials confided to him, treating the theme not only with abstract musical talent, but true poetical intelligence. His score consists of ten pieces, grouped in five divisions, each setting forth an important incident in the story, and each possessing a distinct character of its own. Mr. Gadsby has already written a good many things exhibiting promise of no ordinary kind; but his *Columbus* may fairly be regarded as his happiest and most finished effort. He knows thoroughly well how to write both for chorus and orchestra, and the music he has assigned to his hero (so impressively delivered by Mr. Edward Lloyd) shows that he equally understands how to accommodate the solo voice. The work was received with general marks of satisfaction, both composer and author being loudly called forward at the end. The other solo vocalist at this concert was Miss Robertson, who sang "Ah! come rapida" (*Il Crociato*), and "The King of Thule," as set by Berlioz for his *Faust*.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—There were two pianists at Saturday's concert—Madame Schumann, who played the "Waldstein" sonata of Beethoven, and Mr. Eugene d'Albert, who was Herr Joachim's associate in Schubert's somewhat laboured *Fantasia*, Op. 31. Herr Joachim himself led No. 2 of the "Rasoumowsky" quartets (E minor), in which he always shines pre-eminently, and joined Mr. D'Albert and Signor Piatti in Haydn's C major Trio. Mr. P. Hayes was the singer. On Monday night there was a quartet in G minor, by R. Volkmann, whose works, though much esteemed in Germany, are little known here, one or two of his orchestral pieces, including an overture to Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, introduced by Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace, being all we can remember just now. The G minor quartet is the second of six works for the same combination of instruments. It belongs to no school in particular, but exhibits decidedly a nearer affinity to the earlier masters than to their successors—which is not surprising, when we bear in mind that it was an early composition. The quartet, admirably rendered by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Hausmann (one of the most rising violoncellists of the day), seemed to please the audience. Madame Schumann played two preludes and a fugue, by J. S. Bach (from the "Organ Studies"), besides joining MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti in her husband's famous quintet in E flat. Here the accomplished lady shines alone, her whole

heart being thrown into the task. The singer was Herr von zur Mühlen, who made a favourable impression in two of Schubert's Müller songs, and a still stronger one in Schumann's "Wanderlied," coupled with Clara Wieck Schumann's setting of Heinrich Heine's "Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen," both accompanied by the solo pianist of the evening.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—Wednesday's programme included many old public favourites, such as "Olivia," charmingly sung by Miss Mary Davies; "The Valley," and the "Vicar's Song," from the *Sorcerer*, by Mr. Santley; "The Death of Nelson," by Mr. Joseph Maas; "The Children of the City" and "Huntingtower," by Madame Patey; but the honours of the evening were carried off by Miss Antoinette Sterling for her splendid rendering of Mr. W. H. Jude's new song, "I Lingered in the Cloisters," and Molloy's "Twenty-One." Mr. Edward Lloyd was unable to sing through indisposition, and was replaced by Mr. Redfern Hollins.

WAIFS.—Professor Macfarren's Scottish cantata, *The Lady of the Lake*, in consequence of its great success at the annual concert of Mr. J. T. Hutchinson, last month, was repeated at the Holborn Town Hall on Monday evening last, under the direction of Mr. R. Forsey Brion, at the head of an amateur chorus of seventy singers. The solo vocalists were Misses Agnes Larkom and Damian, Messrs. H. Taylor, T. Distin, and Hutchinson, the orchestral accompaniments being ably represented on the organ and pianoforte by Messrs. James Turpin and Fountain Meen. At the close of the performance Professor Macfarren, being loudly called, was presented by the choir and leading singers with a handsome basket of flowers.—All the disposable places for the first representation of Gounod's new opera, *Le Tribut de Zamora* (still expected on the 30th inst.), are said to have been bought up.—The *reprise* of Mozart's *Flûte Enchantée* is further adjourned, in consequence of the indisposition of Madame Carvalho, and that of Meyerbeer's *Pardon de Plörmel* (with Mlle. Van Zandt as Dinorah) will be substituted immediately.—The town of Geneva has voted 197,000 (why not 200,000?) francs for the "Subvention Théâtrale," to which subscribers have added 50,000 francs, in aid of the director (M. Gravière), should he experience a deficit.—On the first representation of *Lohengrin* at the San Carlo, Naples, the theatre was crowded in every part; at the third it is said to have been half empty—a brief triumph for an opera of almost European renown.

THE FRENCH GALLERY

THERE is no work of pre-eminent importance in the Spring Exhibition of the French Gallery, but the small *genre* pictures, scenes of domestic life, and landscapes of which it mainly consists, display infinite variety of style and subject, and are generally excellent examples of the schools to which they belong. Among the few pictures of large size, a very picturesque scene of medieval life, "The Courtyard of the Doge's Palace," by Professor L. C. Müller, of Vienna, first attracts attention. No special incident is here realised, nor are the various heads, though distinctly national in character, animated by any especial expression; but the numerous figures, including richly-robed senators and turbaned Turks, dusky Moors, merchants, and fair-haired Venetian maidens, are skilfully grouped, and the masses of glowing colour are admirably arranged with a view to the general pictorial effect. A very able picture derived from legendary French history, "The Last Moments of Chlodobert," by M. A. Maignan, occupies the central place at the end of the gallery. As regards correctness of design, vigour, and completeness of execution, the picture leaves little to be desired, but it may be objected that there is scarcely less vitality in the head of the dying youth than in those of Fredegonda and Chilperic, who are implored St. Medard to save their son.

Of the modern Spanish school of painting, which owes its existence to the example of Fortuny, there are several examples, the most important of them being "The Antechamber of a Minister," by L. Jimenes. Nothing could well be more brilliant than the colour, or more dexterous than the handling, in this picture, but apart from these qualities, which are common to most painters of the school, it displays considerable inventive power and command of expression. Among the courtiers and women of fashion, the priests and soldiers, who in a stately marble hall are here seen awaiting their turn to approach the great man, are many true types of character. The picture is full of matter, and each of its separate incidents may be examined with interest; the figures, besides well drawn, are for the most part animated and expressive in their movements. The merits that distinguish this work, and almost to the same extent, are to be seen in two small pictures, "The Captious Critic," and "Culling of Simples," by Jimenes y Aranda. The last-named, representing an aged *savant* in a wood, is remarkable for its luminous tone of colour as well as for its truthful characterisation and finished workmanship. These pictures have the best qualities of the school of art to which they belong without any of its vices and affectations. By R. Madrazo there is a sketch of a girl playing the piano, called "Lieder Ohne Worte," painted with surprising ease and mastery; and by Maas y Fonderville a bright and sparkling but somewhat mannered study of a street at "Venice."

By an artist hitherto quite unknown in England, O. Piltz, there is a picture of the interior of a small village church, called "Easter Sunday," displaying keen insight into character and a great amount of technical mastery. The feminine element is absent, for the part of the church reserved for males only is seen. The heads of the men of various ages and of the boys, all of the same social rank, however, display infinite variety of character and expression, and all are strikingly true to nature. The picture is very luminous in tone—a quality rare in German art; and it is painted throughout with apparent ease and freedom, without any obtrusive display of dexterity, but with a firm and flexible touch always expressive and adapted to its purpose.

H. Kaufman's picture of an old music teacher "Giving the Key Note," notwithstanding a certain waxiness in the flesh-tints, is an able work, full of character and solidly painted. C. Seiler's small rustic interior, "What Shall I Play," and A. Spring's "In the Scriptorium," though more flimsy in execution than Kauffman's work and not better in colour, display vivacity of design and truth of expression. A small *replica*, by the Hungarian painter Munkacsy, of "The Two Families," which appeared at the Academy last year, while not less forcible in realisation than the original, is in better keeping, more harmonious in tone and less violent in its contrasts of light and dark. The small scenes of military life by C. Sell and H. Breling are vivacious and deftly painted, but they suffer by comparison with the more masculine work of the accomplished Frenchman De Neuville. The two single figures by this painter "Paris, 1870" and "Un Chasseur d'Afrique," are admirable studies of military character.

M. P. Billet's picture of a peasant girl, "Day Dreams," and his smaller sea-coast scene with two little girls, "Waiting for the Fishing Boats," are instinct with natural unsophisticated grace and beauty, and are remarkable besides for their sober harmony of colour, and the broad and effective manner in which they are painted. By J. G. Vibert there is a finished study for his picture, "The Reprimand," brilliant in colour and humorously expressive; and by A. Pasini, a low-toned but wonderfully luminous little picture, "Interior of a Mosque." M. Hugo Salmson's "Les Bateurs des Cillettes en Picardie," representing a party of peasants at work in a flax-field, besides being on a much larger scale than the subject justifies, is unpleasantly cold in tone. The figures are, however, very forcibly painted, and they seem to be

genuine, if not pleasing types of rustic character. The landscapes, which form a comparatively unimportant feature in the display, include works in their accustomed styles by G. Von Bochmann, C. Heffner, L. Munthe, A. Wilroider, and C. Hoffman.



VICE-CHANCELLOR MALINS, who has been for some time in failing health, has retired from the Bench, and it is said will probably be succeeded by Mr. Horace Davey, Q.C., M.P. for Christchurch, who will, however, not be a Vice-Chancellor, but, like Mr. Justice Fry, a Justice of the High Court attached to the Chancery Division.

LAWSON v. LABOUCHERE AND WYMAN.—This long pending criminal prosecution of the editor and the printer of *Truth* by one of the chief proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* is now occupying the attention of Lord Coleridge and a special jury in the Queen's Bench Division. The article complained of appeared in *Truth* of October 1st, 1879, and contained reflections on Mr. Lawson's personal character as vulgar and cowardly, and changing his name to conceal his religion; and also in his capacity as proprietor and editor of the *Telegraph*, which was described as a "disgrace to journalism," on account of its truckling to whatever political party happened to be in power and reviling them when out of office, and inserting objectionable advertisements at high rates. The defendants' plea is enormously lengthy, occupying fifty-five folio pages. They plead Not Guilty, and also special justification, that the alleged libel is true in substance and fact. The counsel engaged for the prosecution are Sir H. Giffard, Sir J. Holker, and Mr. Poland, Mr. Labouchere defends himself, and the printer is defended by Mr. W. Harrison and Mr. J. Macdonnell. The hearing, which began on Friday last, has been continued this week each day, and it would be dangerous to predict how long it may last. The witnesses already examined have been Mr. Lawson himself, who was in the witness-box for nearly three whole days, Mr. Montagu Williams, Q.C., Mr. Edwin Arnold, Mr. Bowles, proprietor of *Vanity Fair*, and the Hon. Mr. Wingfield, Paris Correspondent of the *Telegraph*, and author of "Shells by Moonlight," written on a night when there was no moon. The case for the prosecution was closed on Wednesday, and Mr. Labouchere addressed the jury, saying that he should call evidence to support his plea of justification, and also to refute the Prosecutor's account of the assault. Amongst the witnesses to be called for the defence are Mr. W. E. Gladstone, Sir H. Layard, some Turkish and Greek gentlemen, and a dozen or so of the past and present *employés* of the *Daily Telegraph*. Among the many interesting and amusing episodes of the trial, so far as it has gone, may be mentioned the accounts given (under cross-examination) by Mr. Lawson and by Mr. Montagu Williams of the now historical *fracas* outside the Beefsteak Club, which seems, after all, to have been a fight, and not merely an assault. Mr. M. Williams candidly confessed that, had Mr. Labouchere challenged him, he would have shot him; and alleged that when he once asked Mr. Labouchere "Why can't you leave the Levys alone?" the reply was, "I will never leave them; and when I die, God Almighty will call me up and thank me." Mr. Lawson's repeated "I decline to answer" to the long string of geographical questions put to him by the defendant with the view of proving his ignorance of the Eastern Question, was capped by Lord Coleridge's remark that the plaintiff might with perfect safety admit that he knew no more of such details than the rest of mankind. It has been incidentally stated that the average circulation of the *Daily Telegraph* is from 215,000 to 220,000, and the profits "considerable," while *Truth* produces between 3,000*l.* and 4,000*l.* per year.

THE RATING OF COVENT GARDEN MARKET has been the subject of dispute before the Court of General Assessment at the Westminster Guildhall. The overseers of the parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, contended that the property should be assessed at 10,000*l.*; whilst it was held, on behalf of the Duke of Bedford, that 4,200*l.* was the proper rateable value. After three days' argument Mr. Edlin, the president of the Court, decided against his Grace, who will therefore have to pay on the higher rate of valuation.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S APPEAL has been fixed for hearing before Lords Justices Bramwell, Brett, and Bagallay for Wednesday next. Mr. Clark will also appeal against that portion of Mr. Justice Mathew's decision which went against him, namely, that the hon. Member for Northampton had a perfect right to take the oath if he had chosen to do so.

EXPENSIVE LITIGATION.—A particularly glaring instance of the manner in which lawyers too frequently swallow up the means of their unfortunate clients has just been reported. One Anne Richardson, a domestic servant in the employ of Sir G. Balfour, having saved 240*l.*, her master added 60*l.* to it, and lodged the whole sum with trustees, who were to pay her the interest. Some time afterwards the poor woman, wishing to go to New Zealand, applied for her capital, and although the trustees made no objection, the costs of the friendly proceedings in Chancery to effect the transfer amounted to no less than 216*l.*, more than two-thirds of the whole!

THE CHATHAM MURDER.—On Monday night a man gave himself into the custody of a policeman at Leamington, stating that his name was Alfred William Johnson, and that he was the murderer of Lieutenant Roper at Chatham; that he could not keep the secret any longer; and that his object was not robbery. At the police station he made precisely the same statement, and signed it after it had been taken down; but, on appearing before the magistrate next morning, he denied that his name was Johnson, and refused his name and address. He is now under remand.

LORD ZETLAND's attempt to enforce conditions against the sale of spirits in the feu-charters of his Grangemouth tenants has been declared to be illegal by the Edinburgh Court of Sessions, the Lord Justice Clerk and Lords Craighead and Young reversing the decision of Lord Rutherford Clark on the ground that the seller of property could not reserve to himself the extraordinary privilege of licensing, or prohibiting at his pleasure, the carrying on of a legitimate trade.

A MAGISTRATE AT PRESTON is reported to have told a prisoner that "if she did not give an account of herself she would be remanded, and remanded, and remanded for the rest of her life."

THE LATE MISS HELEN GLADSTONE, who died at Cologne in January last year, was supposed to have died intestate, and letters of administration were accordingly granted to her brothers, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone and Sir Thomas Gladstone. Sir Thomas has, however, since found that she left a will dated 1832, and other papers, showing that in 1855 she intended making another will. The matter came before the Probate Division on Tuesday, when, there being no evidence to show that the latter document had ever been duly executed, fresh letters of administration were issued in relation to the will of 1832.

THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY COMPANY being sued for 14,000*l.* damages by the widow of Captain McCulloch, who was killed in an accident which occurred on their line in September last, have compromised the matter for 6,000*l.* Other claims on account of the same disaster have doubtless been met, and the thought naturally arises that the money thus disbursed might have been more

(Continued on page 310)



SURGEON ARTHUR JERMYN LANDON, ARMY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT
Died of Wounds Received at Majuba Hill, Feb. 27, 1881.



LIEUTENANT LAUNCELOT BAILLIE, 58TH REG.
Killed at Laing's Nek, Jan. 28, 1881.



MAJOR JOSEPH RUSCOMBE POOLE, R.A.
Killed at Laing's Nek, Jan. 28, 1881.

CHINESE LIFE AND CHARACTER

Our first sketch represents a Chinese schoolmaster expounding the doctrines of Confucius, and exhorting his pupils to read the "Mirror of History," but to avoid novels. His chief characteristics are long nails, dirty hands, and large spectacles.

The itinerant tinker, as shown in our second sketch, is very handy with the few primitive tools at his command, and is ready to mend anything. With unusual enterprise for a Chinaman he has added a new and important department to his business in the way of mending European umbrellas, and, as an advertisement of the fact, displays a few old gingham to the public gaze.

Our next type is the professional beggar. The Chinese are a great alms-giving nation, and the natural result is that begging is a recognised "profession." Besides the pitiable objects who frequent the crowded thoroughfares, and who rarely fail to touch the heart of the prosperous Chinaman, there is a particular class of beggars that occupies a somewhat exalted position among the mendicant fraternity. It consists of certain aged people who, being past work and having no children on whom to depend have received from the Emperor permission to beg. Every one to whom they apply is supposed, in virtue of the Imperial license, to give them some small sum at once, without keeping them waiting like "common" beggars. Thus, as the Imperial permission is recognised by the public, and as it is the custom of the country to show respect to age, they receive enough to enable them to live comfortably and to dress decently. The Imperial license is suspended from the neck in the shape of a wooden ticket, and a bamboo with the age and circumstances of the beggar written upon it, is carried in the hand.

The Chinese are passionately fond of games of skill and chance. Although Chinese chess resembles the European game in its general scheme, it is usually played with flat wooden discs, with their distinctive marks written upon them. Servants begin to play the moment their master's back is turned, and men and women, boys and girls, sent on errands will stop in the street and play, to the detriment of their employer's interests. One of our sketches represents two Chinese playing this game, while two friends are looking on, one of whom is imbibing something stronger than tea, though the vessel from which the liquor has been poured is shaped like a teapot. At Peking boys of all ages have a great source of amusement in dragon fly-catching, the plan adopted being very ingenious and picturesque. A captive dragon fly is attached to a string at the end of a stick, and then waved gently along the banks of a stream, where the dragon-flies skim over the reeds in great numbers. The captive fly darts at the first of its own species it meets, and clings to it tenaciously until separated by the boy, when the operation is repeated. The dragon-flies belong to a very fine species, being over three inches in length.

In our last sketch we have some reinforcements for General Tso-Tsung-Tang's army in Kuldja resting at a tea-house after a long day's march. As yet they have accomplished but little of their journey, more than 2,000 miles being still before them. Some of them are stalwart enough, but the majority are little likely to impress one with their soldierly qualities. They have, nevertheless, remarkable powers of endurance, and, though more than half are opium smokers they would probably walk the armies of most countries "off their legs," their only stimulant during the long march before them being a little weak tea without sugar or milk. They have little or no

baggage, but each soldier has his fan and a good many of them carry umbrellas as well. When on a long march they do not keep any order, but go along in a very free and easy manner. When the bayonet is fixed, the scabbard is kept upon it with the waist-belt wound around the musket. The people do not relish a native army passing through their district, for the soldiers frequently offer insult to their women, and requisition sundry articles for which they often fail to pay. For the above description, as well as for the sketches from which our engravings were taken, we are indebted to Mr. E. H. Grimam.

A "NOAH'S ARK RACE" is an amusing novelty on the Turf. It was introduced at the Madras fair, and was a handicap for all animals bred in the country, the competitors including buffaloes, elephants, a goat, ram, emu, and elk, and other creatures, besides ponies and horses. The elephants were as placid as if moving in a marriage procession, and went over the course at a quick walk. The ram and goat, ridden by little boys, ran well, and the buffaloes went at a good gallop, but the emu would not stir, neither would the elk, until the end of the race, when it took fright and darted down the course at great speed. Finally, a ram was the winner, a horse coming second, and a buffalo third.

LATE-COMERS AT THEATRES AND OTHER PUBLIC RESORTS, who sadly annoy more punctual people, should go to Meiningen to be cured of their bad habits at the Court Theatre. There all the doors are closed at the beginning of the performance, and no one is allowed to enter until the end of the act. The Meiningen troupe are coming to England in a few weeks; will they enforce their rules of punctuality?



THE ASSASSINATION OF THE LATE CZAR OF RUSSIA—A SKETCH AT THE IMPERIAL STABLES: TWO OF THE WOUNDED



DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

He sat down in his wooden arm-chair, and shook his great fore-finger in his visitor's face.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

By WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW LORD CHUDLEIGH WENT TO LONDON

WITHOUT telling anyone of his intention, Lord Chudleigh posted one morning to town. I was acquainted with this news by Miss Peggy Baker, who informed me of it in her kindest manner.

"Dear Miss Pleydell," she said, after morning service, as we were coming out of church, "have you heard the dreadful news?"

"I have heard no news," I replied.

"We have lost the chief ornament of the company. Yes; you may well turn pale"—I am sure I did nothing of the kind—"Lord Chudleigh has left Epsom—some say for the season: some say on account of some distaste he has conceived for the place: some say on account of previous engagements."

"What kind of engagements?"

"I thought you would ask that. It is rumoured that he is shortly to be married to a young lady of good birth and with a fortune equal to his own. It is certain that he will not return."

"Really!" said Nancy, who had now come to my aid, "how shall you be able to exist, dear Miss Peggy, without him?"

"I? Oh, indeed, I am not concerned with Lord Chudleigh."

"I mean, how can you exist when the principal subject for scandalous talk, and the chief cause of anonymous letters, is removed?"

She blushed and bit her lips.

"I think, Miss Levett," she gasped, "that you allow your tongue greater liberties than are consistent with good-breeding."

"Better the tongue than the pen, dear Miss Baker," replied Nancy. "Come, Kitty, we will go weep the absence of this truant lord."

"The Temple still remains—he! he!" said Miss Baker.

This was a conversation at which I could laugh, spiteful though it was. I knew not that my lord was gone away, nor why. But one thing I knew very well. He was not gone to marry any one. If that can be called ease which was mostly shame, I felt easy, because ordinary jealousy was not possible with me. He *could not marry, if he wished*. Poor lad, his fate was sealed with mine.

Yet, thinking over what might happen, I resolved that night upon a thing which would perhaps incense my uncle, the doctor, beyond all measure. I resolved that should that thing happen which most I dreaded, that my lord should fall in love with another woman, I would myself, without his ever knowing who had done it, release him from his ties. I knew where the doctor kept his registers: I would subtract the leaf which certified our union, and would send it to my lord: or should the doctor, as was possible, propose any legal action, I would refuse to appear or to act. Now without me the doctor was powerless.

Lord Chudleigh went to town, in fact, to see the doctor. He drove to his town house in St. James's Square, and in the morning he sallied forth and walked to the Fleet Market.

The Reverend Dr. Shovel was doing a great and splendid business. Already there were rumours of the intention of Government to bring in a Bill for the suppression of these lawless Fleet marriages. Therefore, in order to stimulate the lagging, he had sent his messengers, touters, and runners abroad in every part of the City, calling on all those who wished to be married secretly, or to avoid wedding expenses, feasts, and junketings, and to be securely married, to make haste, while there was yet time. Therefore there was a throng every day from seven in the morning, of 'prentices with their masters' daughters, old men with their cooks, tradesmen who would avoid the feasting, sailors home for a few weeks, as eager to marry a wife as if they were to be home for the whole of their natural lives, officers who wanted to secure an heiress, and many honest folk who saw in a Fleet wedding the easiest way of avoiding the expenses of their friends' congratulations, with the foolish charges of music, bells, dancing, and rejoicing which often cripple a young married couple for years. Why, the parents connived with the girls, and when these ran away early in the morning, and came home falling upon their knees to confess the truth, the play had been arranged and rehearsed beforehand, and the forgiveness took the form of money for furniture instead of for feasting. But still the parents went about holding up their hands, and calling heaven to witness that they could not have believed their daughter so sly and deceitful a puss.

Hither came Lord Chudleigh, heavy of heart.

The doctor at eleven in the morning was in the full swing of his work. Two couples of the lower class were being married in the house. Outside, the place was beset with wedding parties, couples coming shyly and timidly, and couples coming openly and without shame. The touters and runners of the rival Fleet parsons were fighting, swearing, cajoling, and inviting people to stop with them, holding out offers of cheapness, safe marriage, expedition, secrecy, and rum punch. Strangers to London, who had never heard of Doctor Shovel's greatness, were led away to those pretenders whose canonical orders were so doubtful. I believe the world at large entertains contempt for all Fleet parsons as a body (happily no longer existent), but, for my own part, while I hold the memory of the doctor in mingled shame and respect, I despise the rest because he himself held them in such low esteem.

Roger, the touter, recognised his lordship, as he made his way slowly through the mob along the side of the market.

"Good morning, my lord," he said—his face was bloody and bruised, his tie-wig was awry, his coat was torn, so fierce had been

the struggle of the morning—"good morning, my lord. We have not seen your lordship this long while. Would your lordship like speech with the doctor? He is busy now, and six couples await him. Warm work it is now! But I think he will see your lordship. We should be glad to drink your lordship's health."

The fellow made his way through the crowd, and presently returned, saying that the doctor was very near the benediction, after which he would give his lordship ten minutes but no longer, and should lose a guinea for every minute.

The doctor, in fact, was dismissing a pair of couples with a few words of advice. They were respectable young City people, getting the secret marriage for the reasons which I have already described.

"You are now," he said, "married according to the rites of holy Mother Church. You are tied to each other for life. I hope you will thank and continually bless my name for tying the knot this morning. Remember what the Church charges her children in the words of the Service. Go: be honest in your dealings, thrifty in your habits, cautious in your trusts, careful of small gains; so shall you prosper. Let the husband avoid the tavern in the morning, and the conventicle on the Sunday; let the wife study plain roast and boiled, make her own dresses, pretend not to be a fine madam, and have no words with gallants from the west of Temple Bar."

"If on the other hand," he went on, knitting his brows, "the husband spends his money in clubs, among the freemasons, and in taverns; if he do not stick to business, if he cheat in his transactions; or if the wife go finely dressed, and talk with pretty fellows when she ought to be cleaning the furniture; and if they both go not to church regularly and obey the instruction of their rector, vicar, or curate—then, I say, the fate of that couple shall be a signal example. For the husband shall be hanged at Tyburn Tree, and the wife be flogged at Bridewell. Go."

They bowed, being overwhelmed with the terrors of this parting advice, and departed. Outside, they were greeted with a roar of rough congratulation, and were followed by the shouts of the market till they reached the Fleet Bridge, where they were quickly lost in the crowd.

Then the doctor turned to Lord Chudleigh.

"Your lordship has come, I suppose," he asked, "to enquire after the health of her ladyship?"

"I come, Dr. Shovel," replied my lord, gravely, "to know from your own lips, before I commit the affair to counsel, how far I am compromised by the disgraceful trick you played upon me about a year ago."

"Your lordship is married," said the doctor, simply. "So far are you compromised, and no further. Nay, we seek no further complication in this business."

He sat down in his wooden arm-chair, and, with his elbow on the table, knitted his bushy eyebrows, frowned, and shook his great fore-finger in his visitor's face.

"Your lordship is married," he repeated. "Of that have no doubt; no doubt whatever is possible. Tell your lawyer all; refer him to me."

"The story," said Lord Chudleigh, "is this. I come here, out of curiosity, to see you—a man of whom I had heard much, though little to your credit. I am received by you with courtesy and hospitality. There is much drinking, and I (for which I have no defence to offer) drink too much. I awake in the morning still half unconscious. I am taken downstairs by you, and married, while in that condition, to some woman I had never before seen. After this I am again put to bed. When I awake, I am informed by you what has taken place."

"That is a story neatly told," said the doctor. "If I had to tell it, however, the details would assume another complexion. What brought your lordship to spend the night in such a place as the Liberties of the Fleet? A common parson of the Fleet? Nay, that is improbable; my modesty forbids me to believe so incredible a circumstance. But we may suppose an appointment for the morning; an appointment made and kept; a secret marriage—"

"Would you dare to tell such a story as that?" Lord Chudleigh interrupted the doctor with vehemence. "Would you dare, sir, to hint that I, Lord Chudleigh, had designed a Fleet marriage?"

"My lord, where a member of your family, where your father's son is concerned, I dare a great deal, I assure you."

"And the woman—who is she? Produce me this wretch, this creature who became an accomplice in the plot."

"All in good time. Be assured, my lord, that we shall produce her in good time—at the right time. Also, be resigned to the inevitable. Nothing can unmarry you now."

"I think," said his lordship, "that thou art the greatest villain in England."

"Ta, ta, ta!" The doctor lay back in his chair with his arms extended and a genial laugh. "Your lordship is not complimentary. Still I make allowances. I cannot fight you, because I am a clergyman; you can therefore say what you please. And I own that it certainly is a vexatious thing for a gentleman of your rank and position to have a wife and yet to have no wife: not to know her name and parentage. Why, she may be in the soap-suds over the family linen in the Fleet Liberties, or selling hot turnip on Fleet Bridge, or keeping a farthing sausage stall in the Fleet Market, or making the rooms for the gentlemen in the Fleet Prison, or frying beefsteaks in Butcher Row; or she may be picking pockets in St. Paul's Churchyard, or she may be beating hemp in Bridewell, or she may be under the alderman's rod in Newgate. Nay, my lord, do not swear in this place, which is, as one may say, a chapel of ease. Then her parents: your lordship's father and mother-in-law. Roger, my touter—say—may be her parent; or she may come of a dishonest stock in Turnmill Lane; or she may be ignorant of father and mother, and may belong to the numerous family of those who sleep in the baskets of Covent Garden and the ashes of the glass-houses. I repeat, my lord, that to swear in such a place, and before such a man, a reverend divine, is impious. Avoid the habit of swearing altogether; but, if you must swear, let it be outside this house."

"You will not, then, even tell me where she is, this wife of mine?"

"I will not, my lord."

"You will not even let me know the depth of my degradation?"

"My lord, I will tell you nothing. As for her ladyship, I will say not a word. But as I have shown you the possibilities of one side, so I would show them to you on the other. She may be the wretched creature you fear. She may also be a gentlewoman by birth, young, beautiful, accomplished; fit, my lord, to bear your name and to be your wife."

"No," he cried; "that is impossible. What gentlewoman would consent to such a marriage?"

The doctor laughed.

"There are many things in this world," he said, "that even Lord Chudleigh cannot understand. Now, my lord, if you have nothing more to say, you may leave me. There are already half-a-dozen expectant brides upon the threshold. One would not, sure, keep the poor things waiting. I am generally at home, my lord, in the evening, and should you feel inclined for another social night with punch, and a song over the bowl, your lordship will be welcome in spite of hard words."

Lord Chudleigh answered not a word, but walked away.

Small comfort had he got from the doctor.

Now was he in a sad plight indeed; for his heart was altogether filled with the image of Kitty Pleydell. Yet how hope to win her? And how stand by and let her be won by another man?

To be married in such a way, not to know who or what your wife might be, is, surely, a thing quite beyond any history ever told.

CHAPTER X.

HOW TWO OLD FRIENDS CAME TO EPSOM

THE doctor's letter had informed us of the liberation of Mr. Stallabras and Sir Miles Lackington; but we were not prepared for their arrival at Epsom. They came, however, travelling together by the coach, their object being not so much, I believe, to visit the watering-place of Epsom or to enjoy its amusements, as to renew certain honourable proposals, formerly made in less happy times, to Kitty Pleydell.

Naturally, we were at first somewhat perturbed, fearing the scandal should certain tongues spread about the truth as to our residence in the Fleet.

"My dear," said Mrs. Esther, with a little sigh, "my mind is made up. We will go to Tunbridge out of their way."

This was impossible, because they would follow us. For my own part, I looked upon the Fleet Rules with less shame than poor Mrs. Esther. To her, the memory of the long degradation was infinitely painful. For everybody, certainly, a time of degradation, however unmerited, is never a pleasant thing to remember. I think that the whole army of martyrs must agree together in forgetting the last scenes of their earthly pilgrimage. The buffetings, strippings, scourings, roastings, burnings, and hangings, the long time of prison, the starvation, the expectancy and fear—the going forth to meet the hungry lion and the ruthless tiger—surely it cannot be comfortable to remember these. No martyr on the roll had ever been more innocent or undeserving of punishment than Mrs. Esther Pimpnel: no sufferer ever complained less; but she loved not to think of the past, nor to be reminded of it by the arrival of one whom she had known there.

Nevertheless, when Sir Miles Lackington presented himself at our lodging, he was received with a gracious friendliness.

His newly recovered liberty made little alteration in the appearance of this prodigal son. His dress was worn in the same easy disorder, the ruffles being limp, his wig tied carelessly, the lace upon his hat torn, as if in some scuffle, and the buckles of his shoes were an odd pair. His face preserved the same jolly content, as if the gifts of Fortune were to be regarded no more than her buffetings.

"We are always," said my guardian, with a little hesitation, "we are always glad to welcome old friends—even friends in common misfortune. But, Sir Miles, it is not well to remind us—or—or to talk to others of those unhappy days."

He laughed.

"I remember them not," he said. "I never remember any day but the present. Why should we remember disagreeable things? Formerly we borrowed; now we lend; let us go on lending till we have to borrow again. Do you remember Mr. Stallabras, the poet?"

Surely, we remembered Solomon.

"He goes abroad now in a silk-lined coat with lace ruffles. He has bought a new wig and started a subscription list for a new poem, having eaten up the last before the poem was written. I subscribed for three copies yesterday, and we pretended, both of us, he that he did not want the money, and I that I had always had it. Without forgetting and pretending, where should we be?"

"Indeed," said Mrs. Esther, "one would not willingly either forget or pretend. But some things should keep us humble, Sir Miles."

"I do not wish to be humble," replied the baronet. "Humble people do not sing and drink, nor gamble, nor make love. They go in sadness and with hanging heads. I would still go proud."

While he was with us came Solomon himself, bravely dressed indeed, with about an ell of ribbon tied around his throat, a new and fashionable wig, and bearing himself with all the dignity possible in a poet of five-feet-three. His chin was in the air and his hat under his arm when he marched into the little room.

I shook hands with him, and whispered to him not to mention the word Fleet. Thereupon he advanced to Mrs. Esther with such a bow as would have graced a court, saying:

"Madam, I have had the honour of being presented to you in London, but I know not if I am still distinguished by your recollection."

"Sir," said Mrs. Esther, "that person must indeed be blind to merit who can forget Mr. Stallabras, the favourite of the Muses."

"Oh, madam! this compliment—"

"Oh, sir! our hearts are not so insensible as to forget those delightful verses, which should be the glory of an unthinking age."

I asked him then if he had received a bequest.

"I have found what is better," he said, "a female Mæcenæ."

The virtues of antiquity linger only in the breasts of the fair. She is a person of singularly cold and calm judgment. Despréaux himself had not a cooler head or a sounder critical faculty. Therefore, when such a lady prophesies immortal renown to a poet, that poet may congratulate himself. I am poet laureate to Lady Tamarind, relict of Sir Joseph Tamarind, brewer and sometime sheriff in the City of London. Her ladyship's taste is considered infallible in all subjects, whether china, tulips, plays, pictures, fans, snuff-boxes, black boys, or poets."

His eyes twinkled so brightly, his turn-up nose seemed so joyfully to sniff the incense of praise, prosperity had already made his cheeks so sleek and fat, that we could hardly recognise our starveling poet.

"The taste," said Mrs. Esther, "of a woman who recognises the merit of your verses, Mr. Stallabras, is beyond a doubt."

He rubbed his hands and laughed.

"I was already out—" he began, but as we all manifested the greatest confusion at the beginning of this confession, he stopped and turned red. "I mean I was—I was—"

"You were beginning, I think," I interrupted, "to open a new subscription."

"Thank you, Miss Kitty," he replied. "I was—as soon as I left the Ru—I mean, as soon as I could, I went round among my patrons with my project. This lady immediately bought all my previous poems, including the translation of 'Lucretius' which the rascal publisher declared had been his ruin, when he went bankrupt, and presented me with a hundred guineas, with which I was enabled—" here he surveyed his person with satisfaction, and raised one leg to get a better view of his stockings and shoe-buckles—"I was enabled to procure garments more suitable to a personage of ambition, and to present myself to the honourable company assembled at Epsom on a footing of easy equality."

"But a hundred guineas will not last for ever," I said, thinking of the sums of money which I had already spent on frocks and ribbons since we came from London.

"That is not all," he said; "I have my new volume of poems, which has been subscribed by Lady Tamarind and her friends. This is a change, is it not, Miss Kitty? Formerly, when I was in the Ru—I mean, before my good-fortune came—a sixpenny ordinary was beyond me: I have lived upon half-a-crown a week: I have written lines on a 'Christian's Joys' when starving; and I have composed the 'Lamentations of a Sinner' when contemplating suicide as the only relief from my troubles. Now—now—how different! Fortune's wheel has turned—Fame is mine. And as for poems, I can write as many as I please to give the world, and always find a subscription list ready to my hand. This brain, Miss Kitty, like the fountain of Helicon, will run for ever; that is, while life and Lady Tamarind remain."

"The stream may get muddy sometimes," said Sir Miles, with a smile.

Fate, which condemns poets to poverty, also compensates them with hope. If they are in present sunshine, it will last for ever: if in cold neglect, the future will give what the past has refused: posterity will continue to wave the censuring-pot, and send up wreaths of spicy smoke, a continual flow, grateful to the blessed spirit above: so that, fortunate or in neglect, they dwell in a perpetual dream, which keeps them ever happy.

Then the sanguine bard drew forth his new subscription list.

"I call it," he said, "by the modest title of a 'Project for the Publication of a New Collection of Odes and Heroic Pieces,' by Solomon Stallabras, Esquire. I am aware that my birth gives no warrant for the assumption of the rank of Esquire, but Lady Tamarind is good enough to say that the possession of genius lifts a man to the level of the gentry, if not the nobility, of the country."

"It does, Solomon; it does," said Sir Miles.

"I venture, ladies, therefore," he said, taking a pencil from his pocket, "to solicit your honoured names as subscribers for this poor effort of a (perhaps) too ambitious brain. The poems, when completed, will be printed in royal quarto, with a portrait of the author as he appears crowned by Fame, while the Graces (draped for the occasion in the modern taste) stand behind him: Cupid will raise aloft the trumpet of Fame: the Muses will be seen admiring from a gentle eminence which represents Parnassus: Apollo will be figured presenting the poet with his own lyre, and the sacred stream will flow at his feet—my own design. In the distance the skin of Marsyas will hang upon a tree, as a warning to the presumption of rivals. The work will be bound in calf, and will be issued at the price of two guineas. For that small sum, ladies, Solomon Stallabras offers a copy of his poems."

"Oh, Mr. Stallabras!" cried Mrs. Esther, "for so charming a picture I would give not two but twenty guineas, to say nothing of the poems. Go on, dear sir; raise our thoughts to virtue, and strengthen our inclinations in the path of duty. Poets, indeed, make the way to heaven a path of roses."

Now here was a change from old times! Solomon flourishing a subscription list in lace and silk, and Mrs. Esther offering guineas by the dozen! Sir Miles, who was leaning by the window just as he had been wont to do in our poor lodging, nodded and laughed, unseen by Mrs. Esther.

"Permit me, sir," she said, "if you will be so good, to put my name down for—"

"Oh, madam!" The poet bowed low and brandished his pencil. "For ten copies of this immortal work, in one of which I would

ask you to write your name, in your own hand, for the enrichment of the volume and the admiration of posterity."

"Madam," said Solomon, with emotion, "I will write my name in the whole ten."

"And, dear sir, one copy for Miss Kitty."

"Such generosity! such princely, noble patronage of the Poetical Art!" he fairly chuckled as he wrote down the names. "Eleven copies! Twenty-two guineas! This is indeed to realise fame."

He received the money which Mrs. Esther paid him with a countenance all smiles, although he vainly tried to throw into his expression the pride of the poet, to whom money is but filthy lucre.

We then conversed on Epsom and its beauties, and as the gentlemen had as yet seen none of them, I proposed to lead them to the Downs, whence I promised them such a landscape as should infinitely rejoice their eyes. They accepted with expressions of gratitude, and we started. When, however, we came to the doors of the Spread Eagle, Sir Miles recollected that at twelve he always took a tankard of cool October for the good of his health. He therefore left us, promising to follow. But as he did not come, and we saw him no more that day, I suppose he found the society of the tankard more enchanting than that of Kitty Pleydell. We therefore walked up the hill alone, and presently stood upon the open Down, which commands so noble a view. The place was quite deserted that day, save for a single group of gentlemen, who were conducting a match, but so far off that we heard not their voices.

I took advantage of this solitude to convey to the poet an instruction that it would be better not to talk freely at Epsom concerning such vicissitudes of fortune as we had experienced. I pointed out to him that until Mrs. Esther's position was securely fixed it might do her injury to have her story garbled by censorious tongues; that, for his own sake, his late connection with the Liberties of the Fleet would be better concealed; and that, for myself, although it mattered less, because I was never a prisoner while yet an inmate of the Rules, I did not wish my story, such as it was, to be passed about the Wells, and mangled in the telling.

Mr. Stallabras declared stoutly that he would not for worlds reveal one word about the past—for my sake.

"Nay," I said, "not for mine, but for the sake of that dear lady to whom you owe so much."

"It is true," he said; "I owe her even life. She hath fed me from her slender stores when I was starving. And when no one would even read my verses she would learn them by heart and repeat them with tears. For her sake, then, if not for yours."

Then his face assumed an expression like unto that with which he had once before made me an offer of his hand, and I knew that he was going to do it again. If such a thing is going to be done, the sooner it is over the better. Therefore I waited with calmness, hoping that the paroxysm would be short and not violent.

"Miss Kitty," he began, turning very red, "some time ago I was penniless, almost starving, and detained in the (absurdly called) Liberties of the Fleet for the amount of forty pounds sixteen shilling and eightpence—a sum so small that it made me blush to confess it, most of my friends in the same place being incarcerated for substantial sums of hundreds, and even thousands. In this difficult position, which required the philosophy of a Stoic to endure with resignation, I had the temerity to offer my hand to the most beautiful woman in the world. I have often, since, wondered at my own audacity and her gentleness while she refused so presumptuous a proposal."

"Indeed, Mr. Stallabras," I said, "you conferred great honour upon me."

He bowed.

"The position of affairs," he went on, "is now changed. The poet's brows are crowned with bays by the hand of a lady as skilled in poets as she is in pug-dogs; his pockets are lined with guineas; as for the Fleet Rules—I whistle the memory of the place to the winds. Phew! it is gone, never to return: I see before me a long and great future, when booksellers will compete for the honour of publishing me, and the greatest lords and ladies in the land will rush to subscribe for copies. Like Shakespeare, I shall amass a fortune: like Prior, I shall receive offers of embassies: like Addison and Chaucer, I shall be placed in posts of honour and profit."

"I hope, Mr. Stallabras," I said, "that such will indeed be your future."

"Do you really hope so, Miss Kitty?" His face flushed again, and I was quite sorry for him, knowing the pain I was about to inflict upon him. "Do you hope so? Then that emboldens me to say—Fairest of your sex, divine nymph, accept the homage of a poet: be celebrated for ever in his immortal verse. Be my Laura! Let me be thy Petrarch!"

"I will," I replied. "I accept that offer joyfully. I will be to you what Laura was to Petrarch, if that will content you."

I gave him my hand, which he seized with rapture.

"Oh, beautiful Kitty!" he cried, with such joy in his eyes that I repented having said so much, "that will crown my happiness?"

"It is already crowned," I replied. "I have given you, Mr. Stallabras, all you asked for. Let me remind you that you yourself told me the story of Petrarch's love. I will be your Laura, but I must have the liberty of doing what Laura did—namely, the right to marry some one else."

His face fell.

"Oh!" he murmured. "Why did I not say Heloise?"

"Because she was shut up in a convent. Come, Mr. Stallabras, let us remain friends, which is far better for both of us, and less trying to the temper, than being lovers. And I will help you with your subscription-book. As for being married, you would tire of me in a week."

Upon this he fell to protesting that it was impossible for any man to tire of such a paragon among women, and I dare say the poor deluded creature really meant what he said, because men in love are blind. When this failed to move me, he lamented his ill-fortune in having placed his hopes upon the heart of a beautiful statue as cold as Dian. Nor was it until he had prophesied death to himself and prayed for ruin and loss of his fame, both of which, he said, were now useless, or comparatively useless, to him, that I succeeded in making him, to a certain extent, reasonable, and calming his anger. He really had thought that so grand an offer of marriage with a poet, whom he placed on about the same level with Homer, would tempt any woman. According to some detractors of the fair sex, every woman believes that every man must fall in love with her, but I am sure that there is no man who does not believe that he is irresistible when once he begins to show a preference or an inclination.

I then persuaded him, with honeyed words, to believe in my sorrow that I was not able to accept his proposals, and I added that, as he had by this time sufficiently admired the beauties of the landscape, we might return to the town, when I should have the honour of presenting him to some of the better sort among the visitors.

He came down the hill with me, sighing after the manner of poets in love, and panting a little, because he was fat and short of breath, and I walked fast.

We found the Terrace crowded with people congregated for the morning talk; the breakfasts being eaten, the tea-drinking over, morning prayers finished, and the music playing merrily.

I presented the poet to Lady Levett as an ingenious gentleman whose verses, known all over town, were doubtless already well

MARCH 26, 1881

known to her ladyship. She had not the hardness of heart to deny knowledge of the poet, and gave him a kindly welcome to Epsom, where, she said, she had no doubt whatever but that he would meet with the reception due to qualities of such distinction.

Then I ventured to suggest that Mr. Stallabras was receiving names for a subscription edition of his new poems. Lady Levett added hers, and begged the poet to visit her at her lodging, where she would discharge her debt.

In the course of an hour I presented Stallabras to young Lord Eardesley, Harry Temple, and half the gentlemen at the Wells, asking of each a subscription to the poems, so that the fortunate poet found himself some fifty guineas the richer by his morning's work.

"Miss Kitty," he said, humbly, "I knew not, indeed, that you were so great a lady. The 'Queen of the Wells,' I am told. Not but all who know your worth and kindness must rejoice at this signal triumph. I now plainly see why I must be content with the lot of Petrarch."

Once launched in society, the poet became quickly a kind of celebrity. Just at, in some years, a watering-place would boast of having among its visitors such famous men as Dr. Johnson, Mr. Garrick, or Mr. Richardson, so now it pointed to Mr. Stallabras, and said to strangers, "See! The great Mr. Stallabras! The illustrious poet!"

He, like all men born in London, was equal to the opportunity, and rose on the wave of fashion; his subscription list kept mounting up; he sent his poems to the press; he received proofs and read them beneath the portico, which he compared to the columns where the Roman poets had been accustomed to read their compositions. We gathered round and listened; we cried, with our handkerchiefs to our eyes, "O Mr. Stallabras, how fine! how wondrous pathetic! how just!" Then would he bow and twist, and wave his hand, and wag his head.

He became an oracle, and, like all oracles in the matter of taste, he quickly learnt to give the law. He affected to understand pictures, and talked about the "brio" of one painter, and the "three-lights" rule of another; he was very sarcastic in the matter of poetry, and would allow but two good poets in the century—himself and Mr. Alexander Pope; in the region of romance he would allow little credit to Fielding, but claimed immortality for Richardson.

"Oh, sir, pardon me," he said to one who attributed the greater merit to the former writer. "Pardon me. The characters and the situations of Fielding are so wretchedly low and dirty that I cannot imagine any one being interested in them. There is, I admit, some strength of humour in him, but he hath over-written himself. I doubt he is a strong, hulking sort of man."

"But, sir," said Lady Levett, "we ladies like men to be strong and hearty as becomes a man. You surely do not mean that every big man must have low tastes."

"The mind and the body are united," said the little poet, "they influence one another. Thus, in a weak frame we find delicacy, and in a strong frame, bluntness. Softness and tenderness of mind are often remarkable in a body possessed of the same qualities. Tom Jones could get drunk on the night of his uncle's recovery—no doubt Mr. Fielding would manifest his joy in the same manner."

He went on to assure us that Lady Bellaston was an intimate friend of Mr. Fielding's; that Booth was himself; Tom Jones, again, himself; Amelia, his first wife; his brawls, gaols, sponging-houses, and quarrels all drawn from his own personal experience.

"He who associates with low companions, ladies," concluded the ex-prisoner of the Fleet, "must needs himself be low. Taste consorts only with tasteful persons."

"Should not a lady be beautiful, Mr. Stallabras?" asked a bystander. "I always supposed so, but since a man is not to be strong, perhaps I was wrong."

"Sir!" Mr. Stallabras drew himself up to his full height, and his fingers closed upon the roll of proof-sheets as if it had been a sword-hilt. "Sir, all ladies—who have taste—are beautiful. I am ready to be the champion of the sex. Some are more beautiful than others," here he raised his eyes to me and sighed. "Some flowers are more beautiful than others. The man of taste loves to let his eyes rest on such a pleasing object,—here two young gentlemen winked at each other—"she is a credit to her sex. When goodness is joined to such beauty, as is the case with—" here he looked at me, and hesitated.

"Oh!" cried Nancy, "say with me, Mr. Stallabras, or Miss Peggy Baker."

"May I say Miss Pleydell?" he asked, with a comprehensive smile. "There, indeed, is all Clarissa, and the heart of sensibility, in contemplating her perfections, reverts to the scenes of our divine Richardson."

(To be continued).

THE MODERN CURATE

VI.

HIS MISERABLE PROSPECTS

"HOPE," says the poet, "springs eternal in the human breast." It is well for the Church that it does, or there would soon be a very marked falling-off in the number of candidates for Holy Orders. Young men who know anything at all about life must be well aware that numbers of those who become curates in the pay of the Church are destined to remain curates to the end of their lives. But every man who determines to become a clergyman prepares for deacon's Orders with the hope of some day having a church of his own, with a fair income. There may be some few exceptions to this rule, as in the case of those men with private means, who intend to devote themselves to scholastic work, or get appointments as army or navy chaplains. There must be very few curates indeed, if there are any, who are quite reconciled to the prospect of remaining curates as long as they live. It is characteristic of Englishmen to appreciate fully "the glorious privilege of being independent."

It may be said, then, without much fear of contradiction that every man who takes Orders cherishes the hope that he will be one of the fortunate few selected for promotion before the best part of his life is over. But it would be impossible to tell how many good men give up all idea of becoming clergymen, because of the uncertainty of promotion in the Church. Hope is, no doubt, a vigorous principle, still there are many men who think with Haliburton that "Hope is not the man for your banker, though he may do for your travelling companion." If a curate has no interest, no living in store for him, or no means wherewith to purchase one, he must take his chance of promotion with all the other clergy similarly situated to himself. What is this chance?

In the present century the number of clergy has increased from about 12,000 to nearly 24,000. The number of benefices has increased from 11,065 in 1801 to about 13,742 at the present time. In the Report of the Curates' Augmentation Fund for the year 1878 we read that "Neither in number nor value has any reasonable proportion been maintained between the increase in the number of benefices to which they can look for maintenance, and the injurious way in which this has affected the position of many of the clergy is shown by the fact that no less than 247 charities exist for their relief. . . . Lord Hatherly states that for 127 pieces of preferment to which he had to appoint as Lord Chancellor, and half of which were of less value than 150*l.*, he had nearly three thousand applications, and that some of the letters which he received were 'heartrending.'"

This state of affairs does not hold out much hope of preferment to

the modern curate who has neither interest nor sufficient private income to purchase a benefice. Who can wonder, then, if men with talents and good education decline to become the servants of a Church which gives them plenty of hard work, pays them a miserable wage for doing it, and when they are beyond work leaves them "as mendicants in the eye of the nation?" It has been said on the highest authority that those who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel. In this age of religious toleration, of church-building and church-going, those who preach the Gospel may starve, and do starve, while the crowds who throng our churches at Fashion's bidding, care nothing and do nothing to improve their position. There is no exaggeration in this statement. As the Bishop of Lincoln said not long ago, "It is a lamentable thing that the clergy of England, of this great and wealthy nation, should, after their long tried services to their country be reduced to stand as beggars by the wayside like the veteran warrior of the East, neglected in his old age after his many victories by a haughty master and ungrateful people, and with head bare and hoary beard, leaning on his staff amid the trophies of his conquests, breathing out a pitiable prayer—'Date obolum Belisario.'"

Among the clergy who receive a grant of 50*l.* from the Curates' Augmentation Fund is a man who has been a curate for forty-seven years. He is working among a shipping population of 20,000. His vicar writes of him as being "thoroughly devoted to his ministerial work, diligent and faithful in pastoral intercourse among the poor." The Church pays this well-tried servant 105*l.* a year, without providing him with house or furnished rooms! When money was being subscribed for the Bishopric of Southwell an article appeared in a provincial paper in which the writer said, "I know of one poor struggling clergyman possessed of a so-called 'living' who has died of simple starvation and poverty." . . . Take another case. A gentleman met a clergyman in Derbyshire. "Why—," said he, "how ill you look?" The poor parson burst into tears. The want for years of sufficient food, of suitable clothing, and of everything that makes life pleasant, had at last unmanned him, and a kind word broke him down: The very same man asked a brother clergyman to let him visit a farmer whose residence was on the outskirts of his friend's parish, and the reason he gave was that when he went there the yeoman gave him some bread and cheese and a glass of beer!

The clergy are not the kind of men to parade their sufferings before the eyes of the world, or the laity would hear far more than they do of the misery and poverty which blights the lives of many of them. There are men holding livings whose incomes do not exceed 130*l.* per annum! Thus if a curate gets a church of his own he may have to sacrifice 20*l.* a year, or even more, for his independence, which means more work, anxiety, and responsibility. It is a poor prospect truly, which the Church holds out to the majority of those men who devote their lives to her service. If curates without means keep from making foolish marriages with penniless girls, remain single, and never get the offer of livings worth having, they may work till sickness or old age renders them incapable of taking duty; then they must starve, or live as paupers on the bounty of strangers, if they have no friends to give them a home and a deathbed. Their stipends seldom exceed 150*l.* per annum, and in many cases curates find that, as they grow older, they get smaller stipends if they change their curacies. They cannot save a farthing so as to provide for old age. The best thing that can happen to them is to die in harness. They may get grants from the Curates' Augmentation Fund after fifteen years' service, but as there are 1,100 curates whose length of service exceeds fifteen years, out of whom the Council of the Fund can only make grants to 267, this assistance cannot at present be relied upon. The Society for Increasing the Stipends of Assistant Curates was inaugurated in 1866 under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but it has been and is very badly supported. As I said in the first paper, "there is no fund nor any disposition to provide one to increase the curate's meagre pittance." To remedy this evil to some extent, the Society in question was started with the idea of increasing the stipends of the elder curates. This can only be done partially, owing to the difficulty which the Society finds in getting incumbents to allow sermons to be preached and collections made in aid of their fund, and also, as the Report for 1878 says, "to the *vis inertia* on the part of the great body of English Churchmen, arising partly from an absence of an adequate appreciation of the merits of the case, and partly from an undefined feeling that if the present state of things is not quite satisfactory, it may safely be left to right itself in time." But another very serious obstacle in the way of the Society's success is the name "Augmentation Fund." A more inappropriate name could not possibly have been chosen, as every one naturally thinks the object of the Society is to increase the number of curates. In their report for 1878 it is admitted that one difficulty the Society has to contend with is "the mistaken notion so generally entertained that the work of the Curates' Augmentation Fund is identical with that of the Additional Curates' Society." Yet the same misleading name is retained! When the idea of collecting a fund to increase the stipends of tried curates was approved by so many nobles, bishops, and others, common sense should have suggested some name which could not possibly have been misunderstood. The sooner the present ridiculous name is altered the better it will be for the curates concerned.

But if the Curates' Augmentation Fund were large enough to give every curate an addition of 50*l.* a year to his income after fifteen years' service, the fact would not do much to encourage good men to take Orders. Fifteen years is a long time to wait for such a poor increase of stipend, especially when there is no prospect of further increase. A fund is wanted to give a progressive increase of stipend to curates without private means, provided they deserve it, and do not marry penniless girls. This may seem a strange proviso to suggest, but nothing should be done to encourage foolish curates to imitate the criminal folly of those clergymen who have been and are obliged to seek the aid of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation. The subject of these wretched marriages has already been treated, but they cannot be too often or too strongly condemned. If poor curates are not fortunate enough to find wives who have money, and sufficient to clothe, feed, and educate their children, they are worse than fools if they marry. It would be utterly impossible to describe the misery caused by the frequent pauper marriages of the clergy. In the last report issued by the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation there is the usual statement of cases, and some extracts are given from the three hundred and fifty-six cases relieved by pecuniary grants. One or two may be quoted to show the result of marrying on curate's pay, or the income of a poor living. "An incumbent, forty-four years of age, fifteen years in orders, married, seven children, all under eleven years of age. Sole income 130*l.* per annum. The cause of the present application: the applicant is suffering, and has been suffering more or less for the last two years, from nervous depression. He has lately had another attack, and his medical man has recommended him to take a voyage. The Corporation granted 15*l.*" Another case is that of "a curate, seventy-three years of age, forty-eight years in Orders; whose sole income is 80*l.* per annum!" One of his references writes: "He is ill in one room, his wife in another, and there are two invalid grown-up children, who can do nothing for themselves. The Corporation granted 30*l.*" So case after case might be mentioned of clergymen in all parts of the country actually starving with their families, of clergymen's widows and children left utterly destitute, and all obliged to appeal as paupers for pecuniary grants and cast-off clothing. Yet there are men and women ready to defend these monstrous marriages between poor clergy and poor women! Parents and guardians allow silly, love-sick girls to marry curates who have neither money, common sense, nor knowledge of the world, and the result is utter misery for them

and their unfortunate children. Numbers of applications for relief are made to the "Poor Clergy Relief Corporation" on behalf of the widows and children of clergymen who have died and left them paupers. It is impossible to understand how men can bring themselves to think that they are showing their love for the women who listen to their vows, by deliberately placing them in a position of life in which they must suffer all the indescribable miseries of one of the worst forms of poverty. Celibacy is not desirable for the clergy. There can be no two opinions on the subject, but of two evils, celibacy or pauper clergymen's families, the former is decidedly the lesser evil.

It is, of course, easy enough to point out evils; but it is by no means so easy to suggest practical remedies. Still in the present state of affairs voluntary celibacy seems to be the only remedy for the evil which the Clergy Relief Societies strive to alleviate. If the clergy ceased to make improvident marriages, the funds which are used to lessen the miserable evils attendant upon their folly might be given to improve the position of underpaid incumbents and curates. As it is, a large sum of money has to be collected every year to support the families of men who marry without a prospect of providing sufficient food and clothing for their unfortunate children.

It is often said that a curate's pay is far higher now than it was some few years ago, when 80*l.* a year was the average stipend, and that curates are, consequently, much better off than they were; but people who say this forget that furnished rooms and all the necessities of life are far more expensive now than they were before the introduction of railways. The average stipend of Modern Curates is under 130*l.* a year, which is no more than an equivalent of the amount given when 80*l.* was the curate's pay. This may be just enough to enable a careful bachelor "to keep the wolf from the door," but it is not sufficient to entice the men who have brains and energy enough to make their way in the more lucrative professions. It is all very well to quote the now hackneyed saying, that a young man should devote his life to the work of the ministry, and think nothing of his pay, but be ready to toil through life for wages that no skilled mechanic would take. What is the use of talking of "what men should do?" We have to deal with facts, and it is an undisputed fact, that talented young men with University degrees are lost to the Church, because their own common sense and their parents' advice deter them from taking Holy Orders under the existing system of Church preferment, with a possibility of receiving no more than a curate's paltry stipend for life! Owing also to the miserable stipends which curates get, numbers of talented men who have taken Orders are lost to the Church. There are clergymen living now who have given up clerical work entirely, either for literature or tuition—men who might have been made useful parish priests, had the Church paid them better.

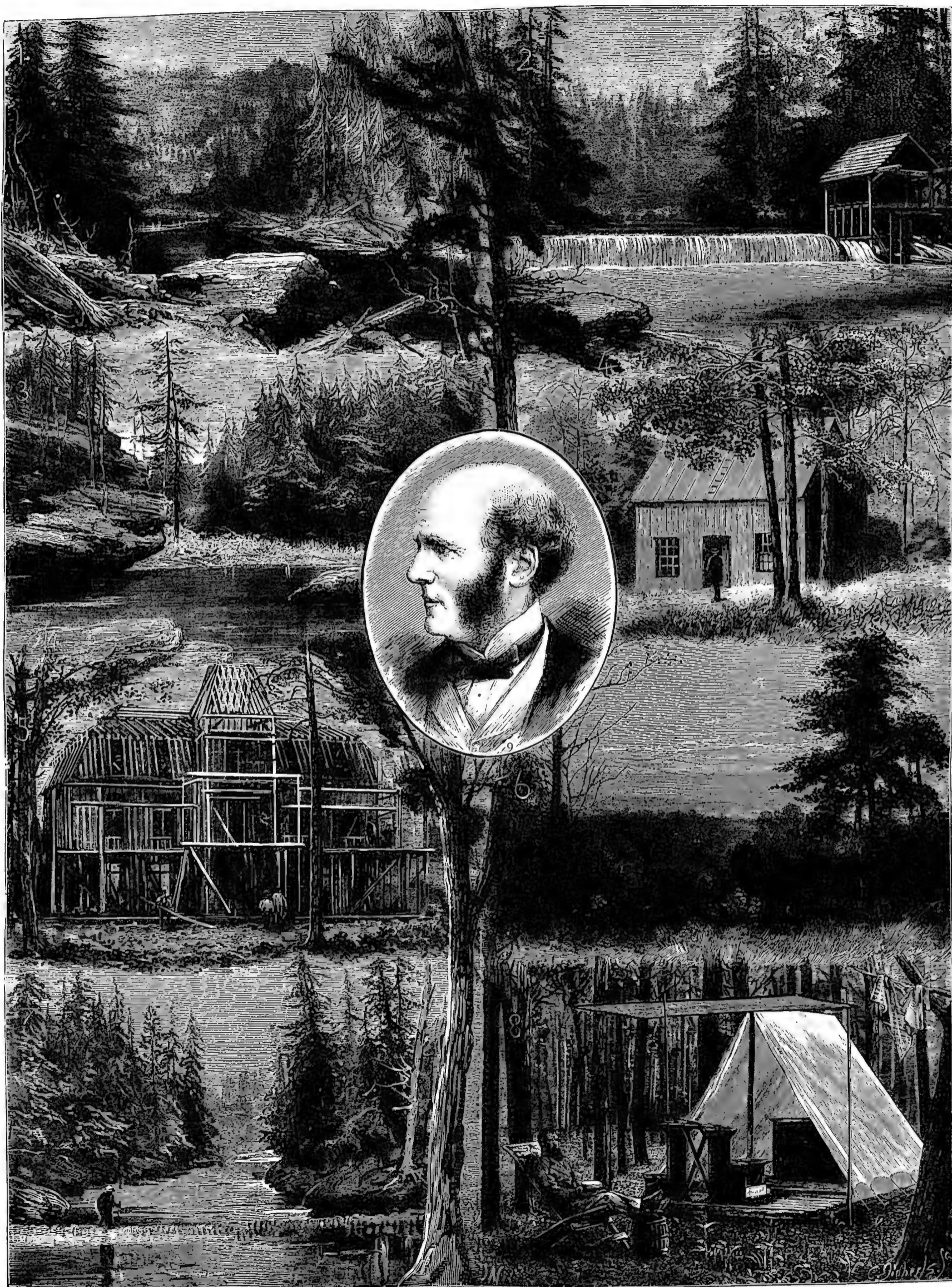
It is often said that there are no remedies for these evils. This is not the case altogether. Much might be done if proper steps were taken to hold out a higher prospect to young men willing to become clergymen. The purchase of livings should be made impossible, so that men without money should have the same chance of preferment as their rich brothers. Private patrons should never be allowed to present relatives or friends to livings, unless the Bishops of the Diocese could be thoroughly satisfied that the selected men were the best from every point of view for the vacant posts. The Bishops themselves are not entirely free from the charge of nepotism. To stop this evil the laity should take the matter into their own hands, and refuse to accept clergymen as their parish priests unless they are satisfied with the Bishop's choice. A congregation, for instance, accustomed to the High Church Ritual, should not be condemned to put up with the teaching and ritual of an Evangelical parson, just because he happens to be a friend of a Bishop.

In fact, the laity of the Church of England alone have the power to improve the condition of the Modern Curate, and ensure their Church being served by an efficient staff of well-educated gentlemen. The money which is wanted to secure the services of good men must come from their pockets, and if they are not willing to give far more generously than they do now, they must not grumble if they find the tone of their clergy plainly deteriorating. If good men are worth having they are worth fair pay. The clergy now do not get fair pay. It is, moreover, a disgrace to the laity, that clergy with small incomes should have to pay their own curates; it is a greater disgrace that in many places the laity will not give their pastor the services of a curate when they know well he wants help but cannot afford to pay for it out of his own miserable stipend. But of course we must bear in mind that the Christianity of thousands of our church-goers is like much that is modern—mere sham, otherwise they would support their clergy better, and not allow the whole world to witness the spectacle of a pauper staff of clergy ministering to the spiritual wants of the wealthiest nation on earth.

W. S. R.

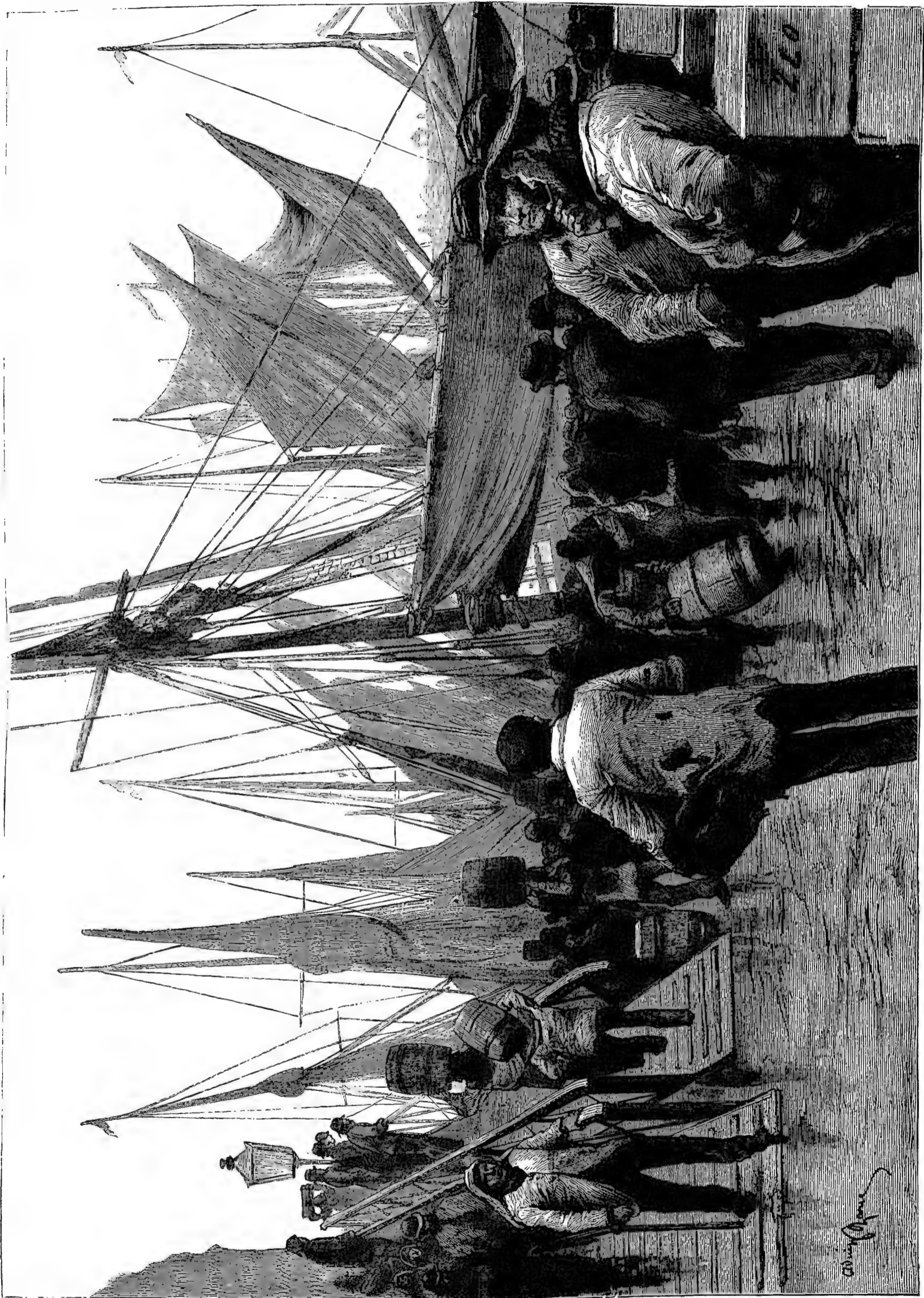


IN "Sunrise" (3 vols. : Sampson Low and Co.) Mr. Black has taken a strikingly new departure—so new that those who are the most familiar with his previous works will be the last to recognise the hand of the historian of sentimental picnics in the grasp which, for the first time, shows its capacity for dealing with the lives of men. He may not be so much at home in political Bohemia as he is among the Hebrides. But, even in the matter of merely dramatic interest, he rises to the occasion when he leaves his well-worn haunts of pleasant idleness, where even passion takes a holiday air, and brings us into association with the Society of the Seven Stars, whose mission is to make the whole world clean and new. The interest of the novel naturally, and sufficiently, divides itself between two persons—Ferdinand Lind, the society's chief missionary for England; and his heroic daughter, Natalushka. Lind is an admirably complete portrait of a man who is at once, and in equal measure, an honest enthusiast and an unscrupulous scoundrel—believing absolutely in the cause, and yet using it as a means to crush his personal enemies and to gratify his thirst for power. Such double natures are among the commonest phenomena of all revolutionary movements, and sorely puzzle both their contemporaries and biographers. Mr. Black has most successfully caught the spirit of the man who has all the genuine earnestness, courage, and energy needed to attract or compel his fellows, and yet is not above the meanest and most cowardly treachery when he can somehow persuade himself that personal interest, vindictiveness, or passion is identical with the cause. In Natalushka, on the other hand, we have the great-souled woman who can separate the noble from the ignoble aspects of her cause; who can appreciate heroism even when displayed by a fool, and can draw into herself all the good that is to be gathered from her father's life without one taint of its poison. She is a heroine of whom Mr. Black may be proud indeed—a woman who can hardly fail to make the reader feel something of the fascination which she exercised upon all who knew her, from the English gentleman, George Brand, to that lively example of the conspirator, Calabressa, and to the mad Russian peasant, Kirski. Mr. Black knows best how far his romance may be a true picture of that wild phase of modern Continental Socialism which he professes to describe. From this point of view a considerable amount of uncertainty deprives the



1, 3. Views on "White Oak" Stream.—2. Buck's Mill and Bathing Pool.—4. Frame House (The Asylum).—5. "The Tabard" Inn (in course of erection).—6. Ordinary Forest Land.—7. Ford on "Clear Fork" Stream.—8. A Settler's First Home.—9. Thomas Hughes, Esq., Q.C.

THE NEW SETTLEMENT OF RUGBY, TENNESSEE, U.S.A.



AT BILLINGSGATE—EARLY MORNING

book of what, if it be in any sense realistic, would be its legitimate value. Nevertheless, in any case, the human and personal interest of the story, even were it pure romance, remains unaffected. It has its faults. Many excellent dramatic situations are unaccountably missed, the construction bears too obvious marks of appearance in periodical form, and the author has not proved ingenious enough to make the readiness of an English gentleman to assassinate a Roman cardinal at the bidding of a Hungarian refugee either sympathetic or probable. When George Brand vowed obedience to the Society, it was with no understanding that secret murder might be made one of his duties. This is really a weak point in the otherwise excellent plot of an admirable and thoroughly interesting novel—unquestionably the best, as well as the most ambitious, that has yet appeared from Mr. Black's hand.

"Flower of the Broom," by the author of "Rare Pale Margaret" (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), is not without good points. For example, the character of Narcissa, regarded as a psychological study of uncalculating and objectless wickedness, is not at all badly done. But, unhappily, the good points are too nearly smothered out of sight by irritating tricks of style, to say nothing of such a trifle as eccentricity in the matter of grammar. When, for exactly the thirteenth time, we are told that Narcissa had "narrowed eyelids," or "narrowing eyes," we begin to wonder as to the bearing of such persistent features upon her character; and, even at the end, we are left in the dark as to the very meaning of the words. They also seem, judging from scarcely less constant iteration, to have been "introspective" eyes—a common novelists' phrase, no doubt, but which, taken in connection with their narrowness, seems to suggest a not very graceful kind of obliquity. The same young lady had the fashionable likeness to a serpent; and we learn—not quite thirteen times over, but still far too often—that her fingers were "very cool and slim." She was more fortunate than another girl, who had to confess, in very odd English, "I cannot supple my fingers." Readers ought not to be treated like jurymen, to whom some eminent barristers have thought it advisable to repeat everything exactly twelve times—one for each man. Nevertheless, the process has its uses, in the matter of filling volumes. "Flower of the Broom" is not interesting enough to dispense with even so much as grammar.

"Flora Hepburn's Marriage," by Laurence Brooke (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley and Co.), is a somewhat better novel of the same class. The style is very much better; there is some moderate skill in character drawing; but the story is rather less worth telling. Indeed, anybody who were to tell the story out of print would rather bewilder people who hold that every story ought to have some sort of point somewhere, and feel inclined to suspect themselves of stupidity when they can find none. Laurence Brooke has evidently suffered severely from ladies in country towns who have musical daughters; and the best part of her novel is where she takes her revenge by describing them. The hostile factions of provincial parvenus and the slightly better born nobodies who look down upon them are described well enough, considering how often the same thing has been done before, and the description will, no doubt, amuse many of Laurence Brooke's fellow sufferers. We suppose it is useless to trust that hers is the last heroine who will ever go out to nurse French and German soldiers. Seeing that many hundreds of these ladies were heroines of three-volume novels, what a fearful and wonderful company those nurses must have been!

RUGBY, TENNESSEE

THE settlement of Rugby, Tennessee, is one of the many efforts now happily in progress to meet the pressing need of outlets for our surplus youth, particularly those of the upper and middle class who have been trained at our public schools, and have imbibed their spirit. Its name will have already indicated this as its special object to all those who have ever given the matter a thought. These efforts are multiplying, but not too quickly to meet the need. In several of the colonies there are somewhat similar organisations, some under the direct patronage of the respective Governments, and assisted by Colonial funds; but these are mainly established with a view to the young men of the working classes. In the United States there are several more especially adapted to the class to which Rugby appeals, offering very varied conditions, and in one or other of which all tastes may be suited, except those of mere dawdlers. For them there is no more room at Rugby, Tennessee, or in any other settlement known to us, than there is at home. Thus, in Western Virginia a considerable district is being resettled by young Englishmen, of whom Mr. Bradley, the son of the Master of University College, Oxford, is the spokesman. In Iowa the Messrs. Close are planting a flourishing settlement on the broad prairie lands. In Colorado, Dr. Bell is doing the same work on the spurs of the Rocky Mountains. Each of these offers its own inducements to young Englishmen; Virginia, old houses and estates ready made, and only requiring a little capital and a good deal of hard work to be restored to prosperity; Iowa, great stretches of prairie land, of unrivalled soil for wheat crops; Colorado, the neighbourhood of vast enterprise in mining, and great advantages for stock-raising. Besides these more or less well-organised settlements, the stream of emigration flowing into Texas, Georgia, and other States is largely recruited from England, but as yet there is no organised attempt to direct it from home, or to prepare such conditions and surroundings in the new country as will give our boys a fair chance of investing money and labour profitably, and living more or less civilised lives.

The settlement of Rugby, Tennessee (founded by "the Board of Aid to Land Ownership," an Anglo-American Company with headquarters in London), may be said to combine at least as many advantages as are to be found in any of the others. It is situated on a mountain plateau, 2,000 feet above the sea, full of minerals and covered with valuable timber. The climate is renowned throughout the States for healthiness, and the soil, though light, is adapted for all kinds of agriculture, except cotton, sugar, and rice, and especially for fruit and vegetables; and is also well suited to cattle and sheep. The plateau has just been opened by the Cincinnati Southern Railway, which promises to be the great trunk line between the Central and Western and the Southern States. On this line, 200 miles south of Cincinnati, Rugby is situated, having a station of its own, called Sedgemoor. The aim of the Board of Aid to Land Ownership, who have established the settlement, has been, before opening it to settlers, to organise such conditions of life as would give young Englishmen at once a feeling that they had not left behind them the real requirements of civilisation and culture. This was accomplished after considerable delay and difficulty in October last, since which time there has been a steady influx of settlers, and the colony has every prospect of speedy and healthy growth.

Our sketches, as far as the buildings are concerned, date from the early autumn of last year, before the opening. The principal building is the skeleton of the hotel, "The Tabard," which was finished in October, and has been crowded ever since. The farmhouse is one of the earliest built for the reception of settlers, and is now inhabited by an energetic Englishman, with his mother, wife, and seven sons, who has bought a considerable farm in the immediate neighbourhood. The tent in the woods was the temporary residence of a retired Indian Officer, then prospecting, and since settled in his own house, and proposing to try how the cultivation of coffee and olives will answer on the plateau.

The other sketches are from the two rivers, which meet at the

town site. The one with the dam and small corn-mill on the right shows the pool ten feet deep, forming a splendid bathing-place, and the rock, off which the young settler (tired let us hope by a hard day's work), may refresh himself by a header into the clear mountain waters, and wash his clothes afterwards if so minded, before going home to supper. The remaining sketch gives a fair notion of the light forest land in the immediate vicinity of the town.

There are plenty of quail, wood grouse (or pheasants as the natives call them), racoon, rabbits, and a fair sprinkling of deer and wild turkey in these forests. Bears are talked of, but as yet nothing definite has been heard of them, and they probably have retired into the not distant but much higher and wilder ranges of North Carolina. Intending settlers therefore may fairly be advised to take a good shot gun and rifle with them, to be used in the intervals of regular work. Of course the settlement is as yet too young for any decided opinion to be formed as to its success pecuniarily, but in any case those who may cast in their lot there will find a civilised society glad to welcome new comers, with church and store ready to enrol them as members, where they may live very comfortably on labourers' wages, and find profitable employment for whatever capital they may be able to take with them.



We like Mr. Phil. Robinson better when he is painting Indian scenes, as he did in "My Indian Garden," than when he piles the agony, after Edgar Poe's fashion, in "The Man-Eating Tree," or becomes Charles Lambish in his chapters on dogs and tailors. That is why of "Under the Punkah" (S. Low and Co.) we most strongly recommend "Sight Seeing," the description of a journey from Allahabad to Kumaon in the Himalayas. His Benares is the best account we ever read of that wonderful city. His sketch of a long drought, and of the burst into new life when the rain comes, is perfect; so is his picture of a marriage procession, the chief figure in which is "a woman, brightly clothed, riding a small white horse burthened with a ponderous head and a pink nose and more ponderous saddle," before whom sits the three-year-old bridegroom going to meet his two-year-old bride, his horse's tail and legs being stained a brilliant salmon-colour." His peeps into bazaars are delightful; and the warning he gives of the mischief done by imitating English patterns is only too needful. Everywhere he had to rummage in corners for the beautiful native designs, the artists wishing to force on him dropical fairs, and dying gladiators with dislocated hips, and backing up their importunity with *Art Journals* containing prints of the originals and testimonials from well-satisfied Majors. Mr. Robinson, speaking of the grand ruins of old Delhi, says: "Oh, you who have never been to India, go;" and we say: "Oh, you who would like to go to India and can't, read 'Sight Seeing' over and over again." The more you read it the more you will appreciate its photographic clearness—that sore-footed native, for instance, driven wild by the station-master's explanations, and bundling hither and thither, as if she was a bale of inferior piece-goods, his wife, who looks like the cocoon of some monster tissue-weaving caterpillar. And Mr. Robinson is as humorous as he is graphic. The scene in which his friend wants to buy a "lot of brass oddities" (little idols) from a priest is as rich as the suggestion in the dog-chapter of a man-show to be held when dogs have their collective day.

President Garfield's election took the world by surprise. Grant, Blaine, and Sherman each had his following; but none could get a sufficient majority; and as, during the stormy sitting of the National Convention at Chicago, Garfield was the only man who could restore order, "take Garfield" began to be suggested in letters and telegrams, and was accepted as the best solution of the deadlock. We hope it is true that the majority in the United States regard the Presidency as something too great to be won by "management." Captain Mason assures us it was "the instinct of popular selection" which chose Garfield, as it chose Lincoln; and his "Life and Public Speeches of James A. Garfield" (Trübner) is intended to justify the choice. This has certainly fallen on a most remarkable man, who, beginning life as a canal driver, managed by working on a farm or teaching in a school during vacations to keep himself at William's College, where he won the highest honours; "he was not sent to College, he came," said the Principal. By and by, as Professor at Hiram College, Ohio, he was "the most energetic teacher ever known," making "Tom Brown" (by the way) as much a part of his pupils' reading as *Thucydides* or the *Aeneid*. In 1859 the Hiram district elected him Senator, at the age of twenty-eight; and two years later, after Bull Run, he was made a Colonel, and a hundred Hiram students at once joined his regiment. Before long, General Buell gave him four regiments and a battalion of cavalry, and ordered him to clear the Confederates out of Eastern Kentucky. In doing this he won, at Middle Creek, the first Federal victory, and proved that, as in *Ulysses*' day, the student, with his "mappery and closet-war," sometimes makes a better fighter than the veteran. When in 1863 there was a fear lest the North should give in through weariness, at Lincoln's urgent wish he went into Congress, and has since distinguished himself as an advocate for specie payments, and for "a Protection which leads to ultimate Free Trade."

Ex-Adjutant Tomasson's "With the Irregulars in the Transvaal and Zululand" (Remington and Co.) is worth half-a-dozen of the cut-and-dried accounts of which we have had so many. Even to the oft-told story of the Prince Imperial, whom he describes as "a most bright and engaging gentleman, full of life freshness and *gaieté de cœur*," and evincing in some of his remarks a boyishness not often found nowadays in those of his years," he manages to add a new interest. His sketches of the panics, in one of which "Fort Funk" (as it was christened) was peppered by its own garrison, while in another the 80th fell to bayonetting the Native Irregulars, to the intense amusement of the Basutos, who were perched on the waggons, are very graphic. So is the picture of the rout at Ulundi; and of the rage when the only loot was a bundle of newspapers, while a buried American stove proved to be full of blacking-brushes. Mr. Tomasson points out Cetewayo's many overtures for peace, in one of which he persuaded the small tribe that had carried off the Prince Imperial's sword to give it back. He is severe on red-tape blunders, such as that which fixed a detachment of the 88th in a fever-swamp, because many tons of stores had been accumulated there and *some one must eat them*. For Mr. Sprigg he has no great respect; his treatment of the Pondos seems to have been very hard indeed; and, as their turn will come as soon as the Basutos are finished off, Mr. Tomasson hopes the Colonial Office at home will take up their cause. It helps us to understand Majuba, when we read of Boers who "could see a native at a mile off and shoot him at two." Regular cavalry are no use against enemies whose rifles carry just double as far as our men's carbines. Mr. Tomasson feels that, "for the benefit of the Zulus and others," the rebellion must be suppressed with a high hand, so as to prove clearly to the blacks that white antagonists to British supremacy have no chance. The question of annexation may then be reconsidered; but the Free State should be compelled to give up all concerned in the murder of our subjects or of those in our pay, and the Boers should be mulcted in land or money of their quota of the cost of the Zulu War, and of the whole cost of that against Secocoeni.

Wilkie is such a general favourite that his life by Mr. J. W. Mollett in the "Great Artists' Series" (Sampson Low and Co.) is sure to be popular. It is much better illustrated than some of the Italian masters in the same series; and this is well, for, as Wilkie is well known from engravings, illustrations of him are sure to be criticised. Mr. Mollett is content to give us a straightforward life. We are told about Wilkie's boyish sketches—not clever enough to have got him, but for Lord Leven's interest, into the Trustees' Academy; about his persistent study of life as it was around him, which led to his painting the "Country Fair" at the age of nineteen before he had ever seen a Teniers; about his coming up to London and attending the anatomy lectures of "a Scot, Charles Bell" and borrowing Haydon's black coat to go to Barry's lying-in-state. It was the "Village Politicians" which made him famous. The Academicians hung it in the place of honour; the *Netos* spoke of it as very extraordinary work. As soon as Haydon saw this critique, he rushed off to Wilkie's room, picking up Jackson on the way, and, "taking hands, the three danced round the table till they were tired." We wish some explanation could be given of Lord Mansfield's strange meanness in regard to this picture. He asked Wilkie to name his price; he, "timid and trembling" (says the omniscient Haydon) asked fifteen guineas. "Consult your friends," said the Earl; and so the question of price was left in abeyance. Wilkie had two offers of 100*l.*; the Earl, who claimed what he called his bargain, "after some unpleasant correspondence," agreed to give thirty guineas. Lord Muirgrave was more generous. "Rent Day" was to be his for 30*l.*, but he sent a cheque for 150*l.*—a good investment, for it has since been sold for 2,000*l.* That Wilkie was himself and no other, having perhaps more in common with Ostade than with Teniers; that he failed in portraits, and failed when he imitated Rembrandt; is clearly proved in Mr. Mollett's pages. The book, as we said, is a plain narrative, in marked contrast with the viewy fantastic art-criticism style of the day. Wilkie's singularly loveable nature, which kept the irritable Haydon his friend to the very last, comes out in almost every incident of his life. Along with Dr. Wagner's remarks on separate pictures there is a little too much of Allan Cunningham. What we miss is some notice of Wilkie's influence on the English *genre* school, which was, we take it, considerable.

"Riding on the Flat and Across Country" (Thacker and Co., London, Calcutta, and Bombay), is as practical as Captain Horace Hayes's "Veterinary Notes" and "Guide to Horse Management in India." Greater praise than this it is impossible to give; and Mr. Stanley Berkeley's clever illustrations are quite up to the level of the letter-press. Captain Hayes goes in for everything, from how to hold the reins (in which he notes that very often fences are refused owing to "fumbling"), to how to win a race (even on a puller or a rogue) or a steeplechase. This is especially useful for men out in India; though we should have thought the climate would have made the chapter on "wasting for Race-Riding" almost superfluous. His remarks on buck-jumping are also valuable in a country where Australian horses are so largely used. It is good advice not to prepare a horse for a sudden alarm such as regimental file-firing, by tightening the reins and patting and calling pet names. This only makes him think something dreadful is going to happen. In the chapter on ladies' riding, Captain Hayes has been helped as to dress by lady friends. We are glad that they and he agree in saying: "nothing spoils a seat so much or makes a rider look so out of place as tight-lacing." The chapter on bridles and saddles adds completeness to a very useful book.

Mrs. Magnus wrote "About the Jews since Bible Times" (Kegan Paul) for Jewish boys and girls; but she wisely judges that an older and wider class of readers may profitably study the Jewish character as shaped by circumstances many of which are little known to most of us. It is unfortunate that our Bible histories practically end with the Captivity; a few lines are in most manuals the sole connecting link between the two Testaments; moreover, scarcely any Bibles have the Apocrypha, that storehouse of post-Babylonish, but pre-Christian, Jewish thought. Thus Mrs. Magnus, beginning with "A Glance at the Captivity," saying all that can be said about "the silent growth of the people" from 415 to 175 B.C., and giving a vivid sketch of the Maccabean Wars, supplies a clear want. Her work ends with the expulsion of the Jews from England in 1290; but we hope she will soon fulfil her promise, and bring it down to the present day. Her earlier chapters are a model of sober-minded terseness. She readily admits the Persian influence on the religious feeling of the Jews, "always very susceptible to external influences," and does not attempt to find any notice of synagogues before the exile in Babylon. For the hard treatment of the Samaritans by Ezra and Nehemiah, she naturally has little blame. We wish she had said something about the modern idea that the substratum of the population in Galilee and Judaea is Canaanite and not Hebrew. Her chapters on "the new religion" should be read by all who care to note the influences which were at work in Judaea in our Saviour's time. About Pharisaism she appositely quotes George Eliot: "the most accursed ignorance is that which has no observance;" but her view of how Christianity was developed will not be recommended to Christians in general by quotations from Matthew Arnold. What she says of the causes and results of the Crusades is interesting from its freshness; though, of course, it is a very one-sided estimate which makes "these chivalrous gentry the most sorry, contemptible, ridiculous figures imaginable." That freshness adds to the pleasure with which this useful and instructive book is sure to be read.

Chief amidst an accumulation of Peerages, and similar annuals, is the ever-welcome Debrett, which has been yet further extended by 160 pages, the entries in which number upwards of 100,000! Perhaps the most interesting of the new features is the insertion of the Canadian Barony of Longueuil, recently recognised by Her Majesty. The noble baron has the curious distinction of being the only subject of the Queen who is a Colonial Peer, and who at the same time has no precedence. The history of the barony is unique. —The twenty-first annual issue of Walford's "County Families" (Chatto and Windus) has also reached us. There is little new to be said of it beyond the fact that an index of the principal seats of the landed gentry in the three kingdoms has been added; and, where corrections and additional information have not been personally supplied, the acreages and rent-rolls have been inserted from the "Return of the Owners of Land," published in 1875, and otherwise known as the Modern Doomsday Book.—Here also we may acknowledge Kelly's ever-useful "Handbook of the Upper Ten Thousand" for 1881, the corrections in which have as usual been brought down to the latest possible period.

We have not hitherto mentioned the "Royal Navy List" (Witherby and Co.), by C. E. Warren, R.N., and Lieutenant-Colonel F. Lean, R.M.L.I. It is based on the principle of Hart's well-known Army List, and supplies a long and keenly felt want. Its arrangement is clear and simple, and its authors are to be congratulated on having so admirably planned and carried out a work of lasting usefulness. It is published quarterly, and we are glad to learn, is supported by the Admiralty, who supply it to the libraries of all of Her Majesty's ships.—It is difficult to say anything new of the "Foreign Office List" (Harrison's) which has reached its fifty-fourth year. Its merits and usefulness are well enough known, and do not require elaborate comment from us.—The same, too, may be said of the sixth annual edition of the "Classified Directory to the Metropolitan Charities," by W. F. Howe (Longmans, Green, and Co.); whilst of yet higher value and utility, perhaps, is the "Educational Year Book" (Cassell), which offers a perfectly appalling mass of statistics and other information regarding public education in this country.

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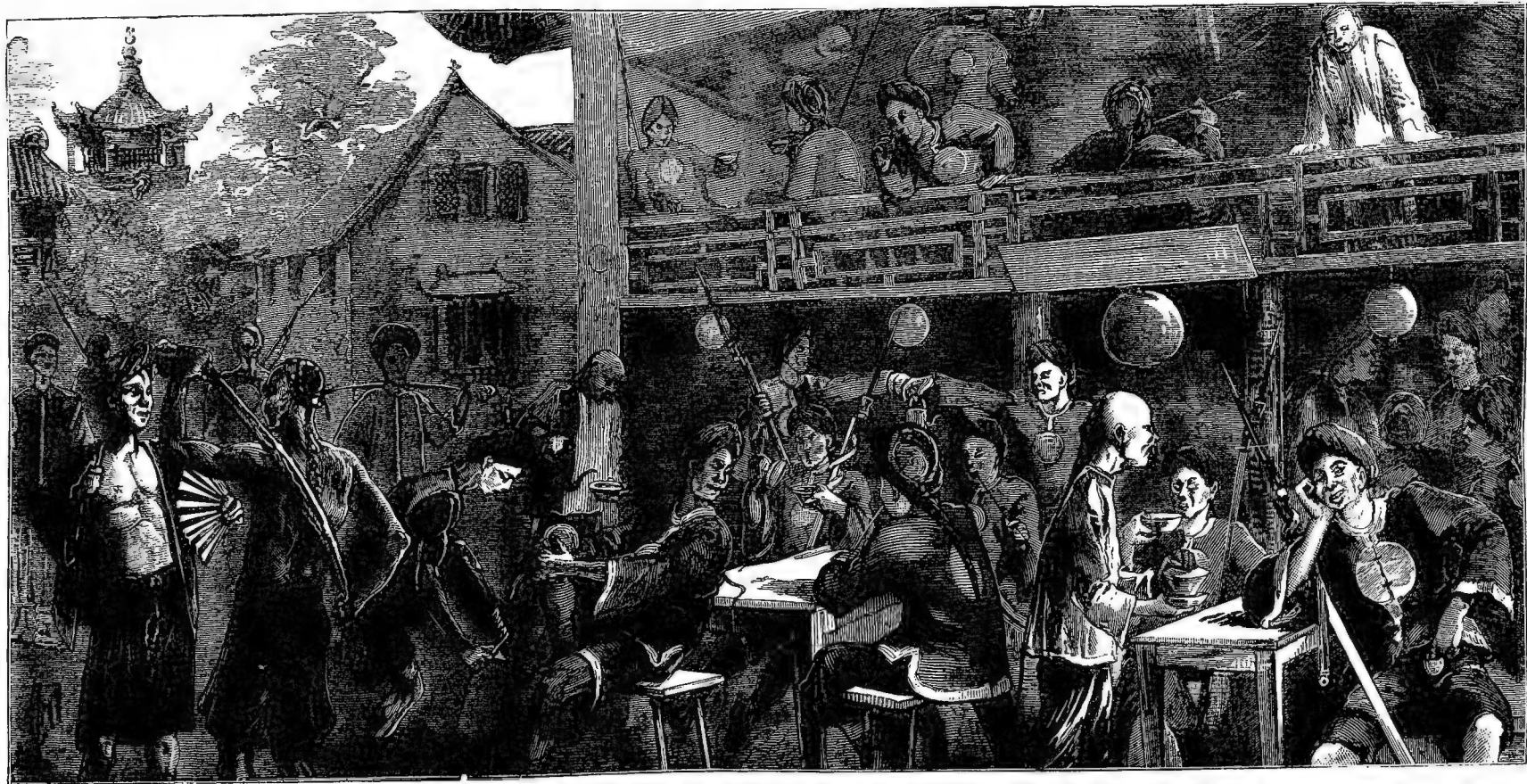
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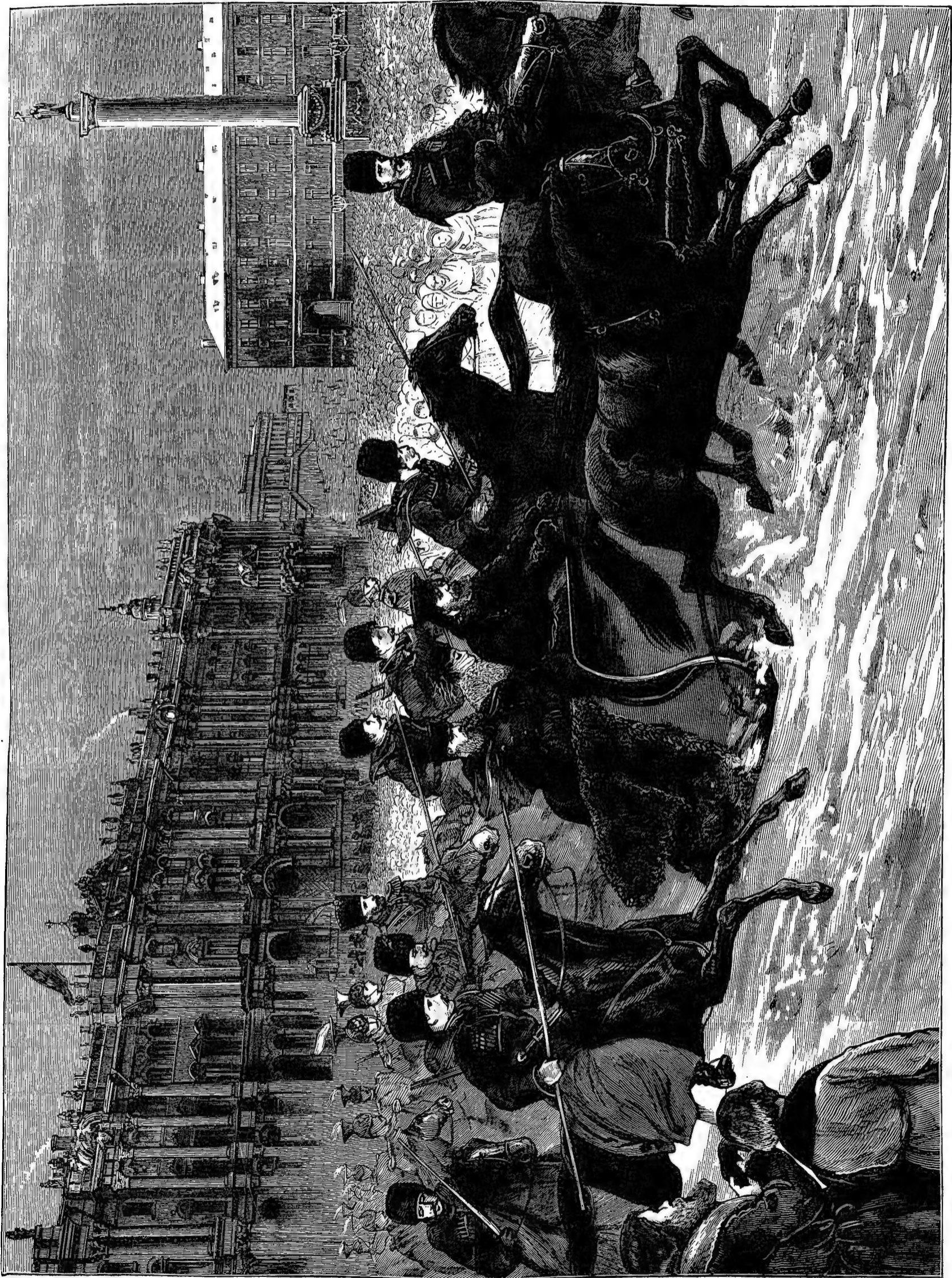
REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE KULDJA ARMY RESTING AT A TEA-HOUSE



BOYS WHIPPING FOR DRAGON-FLIES AT PEKIN



A CHESS PARTY



THE ASSASSINATION OF THE LATE CZAR OF RUSSIA — THE NEW CZAR, ALEXANDER III., WITH THE CZARINA, LEAVING THE WINTER PALACE AFTER HIS FATHER'S DEATH

satisfactorily employed in increasing the efficiency of the system of working the railway.

FRAUDULENT NEWSVENDORS.—The man who sold an early edition of the *Globe* as a "special," and charged twopence instead of a penny for it, has been convicted at the Middlesex Sessions and sentenced to one month's hard labour, a special announcement being made from the Bench that any future offence of a similar kind would be dealt with far more severely.



A NEW AGRICULTURAL COMPANY.—By means of an association for farming land on joint-stock principles, it is hoped that lands will be made profitable which to isolated farmers, and to men without capital, were incapable of being made to pay. The new agricultural company formed in this expectation has the support of such thorough agriculturists as Colonel Kingscote, M.P., Mr. H. Jenkins, and Mr. J. K. Fowler. The Earl of Derby has also joined the company, and with him the Earl of Onslow, the Earl of Carysfort, Lord Gainsborough, Lord Elcho, and Lord H. Scott.

LAMBS.—Recent weather has been favourable to the flock. In Lincolnshire there have been few losses, but the ewes are generally in poor condition, and the births are not numerous. Nottinghamshire and the Northern counties are having a good lambing season. In the Southern and South-western counties the lambs seem generally thriving.—Malt, oilcake, and other artificial foods find an increasing use for feeding lambs. This high feeding of the lambs necessitates a certain separation from the ewes.—Liver-rot, which has prevailed so much in Lincolnshire, seems to be diminishing.—A Cheshire farmer has had a ewe give birth to five lambs, of which three are still living.

CATTLE DISEASE.—Fresh outbreaks are reported from Accrington, from Bolton, from Preston, from Manchester, from Aberdeenshire, and from one or two other places. In Kent disease is apparently dying out, but in Suffolk it is still virulent, and the infection seems to be extending generally in North-west England. Taking the whole country together it is satisfactory to see that decided progress is being made in the extirpation of the pest. Last week there was an aggregate of 18,601 cases reported—a number which, large as it is, yet shows a material diminution on that of the week preceeding.

SHOWS.—The Inverness Shorthorn Show just held is regarded by experts as the finest spring show ever held in that borough.—A similar show at Perth was also of unusual excellence, and was largely attended by buyers from England and abroad.—A capital show of yearling shorthorn bulls has recently taken place at Forres.

THE VALUE OF A SUSSEX FARM.—The following case has come under our notice. An estate near Hastings, of 250 acres, was bought in 1870 for 11,000*l.* It was farmed for three years—very indifferently, and then sold for 9,500*l.* In 1874 the same property was sold for 10,500*l.*, and received justice at the hands of its new purchaser up to 1880, when he was compelled to part with it. It realised only 8,000*l.*, and yet the owner had spent 1,000*l.* on improvements in six years. The price of 8,000*l.* even, would not have been realised except for the taste of a wealthy neighbour, who wanted the farm to round off his own larger possessions. This is a really typical instance of the depreciation of landed property throughout Southern and Eastern England. It is very discouraging, and the long-expected reaction is very backward in revealing itself.

DUMOS.—In the Ashdown Forest case a curious question has arisen concerning the meaning of the word. In the Ashdown case a good deal turns upon the right of tenants taking the bracken in Manorial forests. Now there is a case of a man being prosecuted for taking "dumo" from the forest, and Mr. Joshua Williams maintains the word does not mean bracken; Vice-Chancellor Bacon believes that its meaning cannot be fixed, but he is inclined to think it includes bracken. Ainsworth describes it as a bush, all kinds of bracken, thorns, and brambles. Dr. Johnson would seem to be on the side of Mr. Joshua Williams, but Lord Justice James, with the assent of Sir Balliol Brett and Lord Justice Cotton, has pronounced the word to mean brake, on the authority of a very old judgment, when the phrase "dumos, anglick, brakes," is used. In some newspaper reports the word ferns is printed *ferus*, a confusing mistake. Mr. Joshua Williams throughout the action calls bracken "ferns." Is the word rightly so used?

PREVENTION OF FLOODS.—A suggestion has reached us that a telegraph should be erected along each stream joining all the mills from source to mouth. A suitable officer would in wet weather receive messages from the millers. When floods are at hand, he would order the general opening of the gates. Compensation for observance, fines for non-observance, would be established. The order for closing the gates would follow on the reduction of the rush of water. There is something in this suggestion, but how are the millers to work their telegraphs? If the telegrams are to be delivered in an ordinary way and so sent, expense would be greatly increased.

FISH PROPAGATION.—Mr. Forbes, of Chertsey, is engaged in the artificial propagation of fish on a very large scale. The present is the season for hatching the ova, and in the various troughs there are in the most healthy condition, 3,000 real Thames trout, 6,000 *Salmo fontinalis*, 3,000 *Salmo ferox*, 1,000 *Salmo fario*, and of crosses of his own rearing there are 3,000 Thames and *Salmo ferox*, 2,000 *Salmo fontinalis* and *Salmo ferox*, and 3,000 *Salmo ferox* and *Salmo fario*. A great number of these have already come into active life, and the others are making good progress in developing more than a merely passive existence.

RAILWAYS AND FARMERS.—Most English agriculturists will agree that the Railway and Canal Traffic Act requires amendment. Railways habitually carry produce from great centres to rural districts at a less charge than they make for taking farmers' deliveries up to the great towns. This flagrant injustice to farmers has materially added to agricultural depression. The words of the Act forbid "undue and unreasonable preference," but legally this prohibition seems almost unenforceable. The substitution of the words "any preference" would give farmers fair play, and they ask no more.

A MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE was asked for in the last parliament, and the proposal received the support of a substantial majority. Sir Massey Lopes and Sir B. Leighton are pressing the subject in the present House. The last Government was curiously apathetic to a demand made for the most part by their own followers. The present Government has shown no greater readiness to move in the matter. The House of Commons, however, can generally make its declared will prevail, if only by continually pressing the matter on the administration.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. Duckham, M.P., has resigned the Secretaryship of the Hertfordshire Agricultural Society.—We regret to hear of the death of Mr. Thomas Scott, the well-known land agent and agricultural writer; also of Mr. James Paul Cobbett, son of the celebrated author of "Rural Rides," and himself the author of a "Tour in Italy," and a "Ride in France."—Great complaints are made by producers concerning the conduct of the Cork Butter Market.—The Westmorland Court of Quarter Sessions have passed an unanimous vote of condolence with Lady Musgrave on the

occasion of Sir Richard Musgrave's unhappy and early decease.—There has been a rather serious landslide between Folkestone and Dover.—On Monday last a heavy snowstorm prevailed in Staffordshire, and was especially remarkable for being accompanied by thunder and lightning.



THE TURF.—If racing men persist in commencing the flat-racing season in the month of March, they almost deserve to experience such wretched weather as has befallen them this week at Lincoln. Bitterly cold winds, strong enough at times to whirl the straw out of the ring, snow, sleet, and rain have been the accompaniments of the recent meeting on the Carholme, and no amount of warm clothing or antipluvial arrangements could make the sport enjoyable. The Craven Week at Newmarket was early enough to commence racing, and even by that time, after a severe and prolonged winter, trainers had considerable difficulty in getting the majority of animals under engagements into good condition. As matters now are, the early racing at Lincoln and elsewhere gives a false key to the real merits of the majority of runners, owing to their untrustworthy form. On Monday the three-year old Usurper had the honour of winning the first flat-race of the season, the Trial Stakes, and Graeves the honour of riding him; while backers of favourites began the season badly, both Bigamy and Boscawen being preferred to the winner. They did better, however, in the next race, picking out the wear-and-tear Tower and Sword, on whom F. Archer won his first mount in the Bathany Stakes, beating ten other. The Varborough Plate fell to Mr. Rothschild's Fetterless, and Sir J. D. Astley, as was meet in his own county, scored the Elsham Hurdle race with Albania. The evergreen Saltier, who always has a lot of winning brackets to his name at the end of each season, began again to score in the Brocklesby Trial Plate, and Schiller, another good old one, took the Blankney. Sir G. Chetwynd, with Belle Lorette, bowled over the favourites for the two-year-old Brocklesby Stakes, thus following up his recent good luck at the "illegitimate" game. The only race of importance on the Wednesday was the big Lincolnshire Handicap, the great market feature of which has for a long time been the lack of a hot favourite. For many weeks, however, Henery George has been at or near the top of the tree, though suffering some slight ups and downs, and at the fall of the flag headed the quotations at 10 to 1, Buchanan and Douranee standing next at twelve. There were no less than thirty-six starters, the largest number since the institution of the race in 1853. The race needs hardly any description, as after half a mile had been compassed Buchanan drew away, and won pretty well as he liked by ten lengths, Mistake's second and Post Obit's third not counting for much, as the field was all more or less pulling up towards the finish when pursuit of the winner was hopeless. Mr. Crawford's victory can hardly be said to have been received with enthusiasm, as most of the public backers were on his other string, Elf King, ridden by Fordham. Buchanan is one of the few grey horses on the turf, being a son of the old grey Strathconan, whose numerous progeny have certainly done well on the Turf. Buchanan's victory, however, was nothing very grand, as he only had to carry 6 st. 10 lbs. as a four-year-old.—The Grand National Steeple-chase at Liverpool will not be decided till after we have gone to press, but we may note that at the time of writing Liberator has become a very hot favourite at the very short price of 4 to 1, and it seems that his party, and it might almost be added the public, look on his winning the race for the second time as a moral certainty. The scratching of Jupiter Tonans is doubtless much in his favour. Cross Question is also strongly backed, but in many quarters the victory of the comparative outsider New Glasgow is anticipated.—Poor Leviitt, the jockey, has died at St. Thomas' Hospital. It will be remembered that he broke his leg at Sandown in February last, and that it had recently been amputated.

FOOTBALL.—The English Association Challenge Cup is drawing to a close. On Saturday, at the Oval, the Old Cartians beat the Clapham Rovers by three goals to one, a rather unexpected event; and at Wolverhampton, the Old Etonians defeated Stafford Road by two to one.—For the Sheffield Association Cup, the final tie was played between the Sheffield Wednesday and Ecclesfield, the former winning by no less than eight goals to one.—The International (Rugby) Match between England and Scotland was played at Edinburgh on Saturday, and ended in a draw. Of the previous matches England has won four, Scotland two, and five have been drawn.

AQUATICS.—The Oxford Crew, with its head quarters at Bourne End, has been doing good work on the Marlow and Cookham waters under the mentorship of Mr. Edwards-Moss, but an impression seems to be gaining ground that there is a want of strength in the boat, notwithstanding the presence of so many "Old Blues." The Cambridge men are now hard at work on the London water, are certainly the most powerful crew, but much wanting in style and scientific oarmanSHIP. A great improvement may, however, be effected in a fortnight; but at the same time the expectation that both crews would be quite up to the standard of University Eight seems hardly likely to be realised.

COURSING.—At the South of England Club (Stockbridge) the Puppy Stakes were divided between Mr. Wansbrough's Woodlark and Mr. Simpkins's Sacerdos; and the All Aged Stakes fell to Mr. Thresher's Talbot.

SHOOTING.—The Glass Ball Match between Dr. Carver and Mr. Scott at the Aquarium has been a great success, a large assembly being drawn together to witness its progress night after night. It was very closely contested, and the final score was, Dr. Carver 9,737, and Mr. Scott 9,735, the former winning by two balls. A series of matches between these two crack shots will shortly be begun in provincial centres.

CULTURE FOR THE MILLION.—It is gratifying to learn that, at even the less fastidious places where entertainment of the musical kind is provided for the lower labouring class, there is a growing disposition to cultivate and encourage more regard for personal appearance than has hitherto prevailed amongst an audience of an unavoidably mixed character. At a certain music-hall at the East of London the proprietor draws the line at shirt collars. Working men are welcome to come "in their thousands," and attend in the fustian or corduroy of their daily employment, but they are expected to make a show of being dressed for the occasion to the extent of wearing round their throat an inch or so of turned-down or stuck-up collar, either of starched linen, or its cheap and convenient substitute—paper. This stringent rule applies even to the frequenters of the fourpenny gallery, and is enforced by the person who holds the responsible office of "chucker-out" in ordinary to the establishment. The "chucker-out," it may be necessary to explain, is an individual whose chief credentials are a dauntless spirit and great muscular strength, and his duty it is to seize on and summarily eject the unruly, and all who decline to obey the chairman's call to order. He keeps a sharp look out for the collarless, who are generally of the barrowman and costermonger class, and civilly though firmly refuses to permit them to pass beyond the pay place. Those who

never before heard of the new regulation are apt to resent it in strong language. "It's no use talking about it," says the guardian of the portal. "I've got my orders, and you'll have to abide by 'em. What's the good of being nasty about it? There's a barber's shop just round the corner, and you can buy a paper collar for a penny, and there won't be no more trouble." But shrewdly interpreting the wink with which the in secret sympathising chucker-out accompanies his words of advice, the temporarily rejected customer departs, and a minute or two afterwards appears, looking horribly uncomfortable, and as though meanwhile he had sustained some accident necessitating his throat being enveloped with a surgical bandage. But his torture is not of long duration. Once past the barrier he is at liberty to divest him of the hated thing. With one snatch he tears it off and breathes freely again, and passes on to his seat, having made sacrifice at the shrine of Respectability.

THE PEOPLE'S ENTERTAINMENT SOCIETY.—Of all nights of the week, Saturday is that on which the working man, if at all disposed to "indulge," gives freest scope to his inclination. He has many excuses for doing so. He has his wages in his pocket, and has a shilling he can spare. Should he take a glass more than is good for him, to-morrow is Sunday, and he can lie an hour or so later than usual. It is the most convenient evening for meeting his mates, and so on. Any way it is notorious that the publican body regard Saturday night as far the best of the seven for "trade," and expect to take as much money over their counters as on any three other nights, excepting perhaps Monday. Actuated probably by the knowledge that the more respectable of the mechanic class go to a public house on Saturday night because they can find no other amusement to their taste, the promoters of the People's Entertainment Society a year since hit on the happy idea of providing once a week a few hours' varied and simple enjoyment for such working men of a neighbourhood who thought fit to accept admission tickets for which nothing is charged. The experiment was begun at Lammas Hall, Battersea, and continued through the winter of 1879-80, until last May, with the result that the hall, which holds five or six hundred persons, was crowded each succeeding Saturday night. So encouraged, the Society increased its efforts, and arranged for the present season a programme which includes similar concerts on certain Saturday nights at Bermondsey, Westminster, Whitechapel, and several other places. The sole and single aim of the laudable scheme is to convince the working classes by practical means that there is a better, a more rational, and a cheaper way of spending a few hours on a Saturday night than in drinking, even though it be in good fellowship, at a public-house bar. The artists who entertain the invited are of course unprofessionals—ladies and gentlemen who have a talent for vocal or instrumental music, and who are members of the Society. At the same time there are of course many attendant expenses, and the smallest contributions are thankfully received by the Secretary, Mr. J. Maud Crament, 486, Brompton Road, S.W.

BAND BOYS FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY.—How liable the best of motives are to misconstruction was broadly illustrated at the last weekly meeting of the London School Board. It seems that the Industrial Schools' Committee had sent in a report concerning the boys on board the *Shafesbury* training ship. It is calculated that no more than two-thirds of them will, after all, take to a seafaring life, and it is desirable to give them some other start in life. This may be accomplished by instructing them to play some musical instrument, by which means they may become qualified to join an Army or Navy band. There is a considerable demand for band-boys. It was quoted by the Committee that an application was made to the Captain-Superintendent of the *Shafesbury* for fourteen band-boys, and they could not be supplied because, by reason of the number of musical instruments on board being so few, only a comparatively limited number of pupils could be taught. Fifteen additional instruments were asked for, the cost being 76*l.* But Mr. Lucraft had something to say on the subject. He declared, according to *The Times* report, that the vote was asked for under false pretences, the real object being to make soldiers and sailors of the lads—to make "demons" of them, and train them to kill their fellow-creatures. It was not surprising, perhaps, that Colonel Prendergast, another member, should rise, and defend the British soldier against the grave imputation of being a "demon." At the same time it was explained that the band-boys were not compelled to enlist in the army; they were discharged from the ship when they were sixteen, and were not eligible for Service until they were nineteen. In the interval between sixteen and nineteen they were liberally paid and well looked after, and might afterwards become soldiers or not, as they pleased. In the end the vote was agreed to by a majority of two to one.

THE COMING CENSUS.—The memorandum and accompanying papers just issued by Sir Brydges Henniker, the Registrar-General, in reference to the census which is to be taken on Monday, the 4th of April, is a rather singular literary production. It is doubtless interesting to be told that 630 superintendent registrars and 2,176 registrars have been appointed, that about 35,000 enumerators will be employed, "a highly respectable body of men, including clergymen and other professional men, who have undertaken the work from public motives;" and that the "heads of families" upon whose truthfulness the accuracy of the return will mainly depend, are reckoned at little short of six millions. It is useful, too, to be reminded that the penalty under the Act for refusing to reply or wilfully giving false answers to any of the questions upon the census paper is a fine of not less than twenty shillings, nor more than five pounds, for every such refusal or false answer; but few people, we should imagine, will hold themselves greatly indebted to Sir Brydges Henniker for the gratuitous information that a "knowledge of the facts about the English people is in itself useful and gratifying to a liberal curiosity, precisely as is an acquaintance with the plants and minerals and animals of the world, and the stars of the heavens, whose 'multitudes' have been numbered by scientific men," or that "the area of these islands is limited." Neither should we think that the working classes will think it any great honour or privilege that so far as the census is concerned they are all to be "treated precisely on the same footing as Her Majesty the Queen." But Sir Brydges Henniker can be humorous as well as instructive and consolatory, for he tells us that "even in the delicate matter of years numbered by gentlemen, or even ladies, it is found that although many may look, they are seldom thought, younger than they are even by their friends, so that to record the truth is the right and prudent course to pursue," and he suggests that "should the stated age of servants, or of others, be found by any fatality to be standing still, or even retrograding, it should be corrected by heads of families." But whatever may be thought of the wordy appeal of the Registrar-General there can hardly be two opinions as to the importance and value of the work entrusted to his superintendence, and all who have any influence with the masses of the poorer and unlettered classes should consider it a duty to use every endeavour to persuade them of the necessity of (and if need be instruct them how to furnish) accurate returns. The attention of the people might be called to the matter by Chairmen of meetings, lecturers, public speakers, clergymen, and Dissenting ministers, the heads of large manufactories, warehouses, and other places of business, and indeed by all who have facilities for reaching the ears of the masses. The last Census (in 1871) was taken without the infliction of a single fine under the penal clauses of the Act, and it may be hoped and expected that the present one may be like it in this respect. The schedules will be issued in the course of the coming week, and should be filled up ready to be returned to the enumerators when they call on Monday week. Any householder or lodger who does not receive one before Sunday, the 3rd prox., should apply to the District Registrar of Births and Deaths.

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marriages in that country is uncertain, the probability
being that the Courts would decide in favour of their
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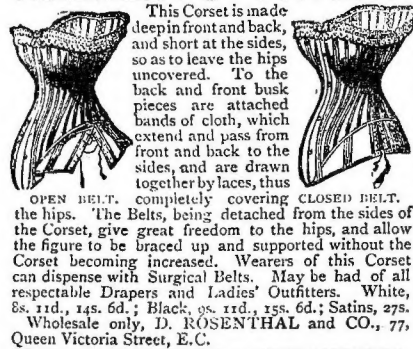


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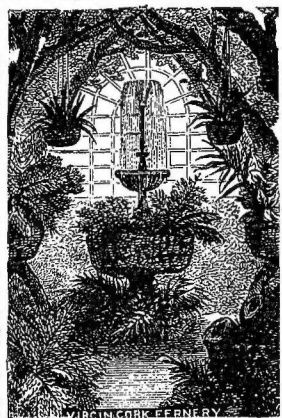
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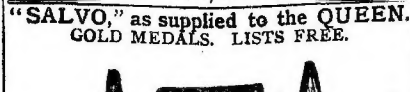
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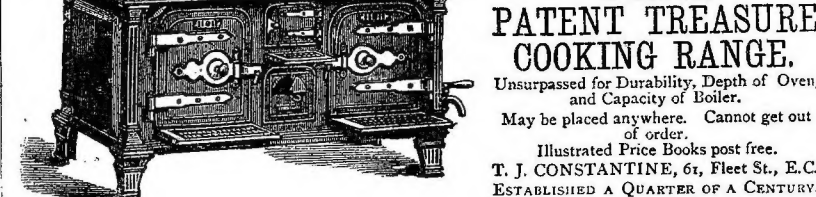
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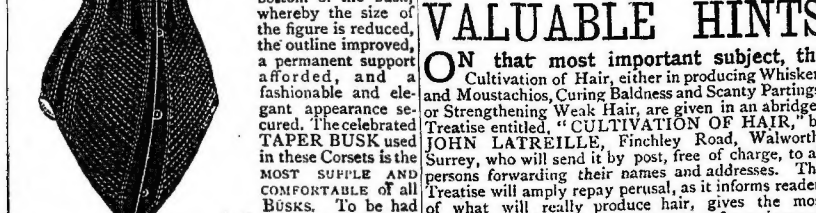
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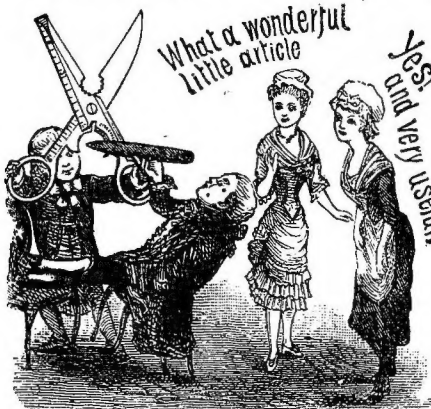
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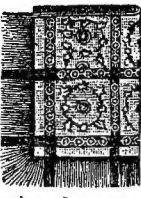
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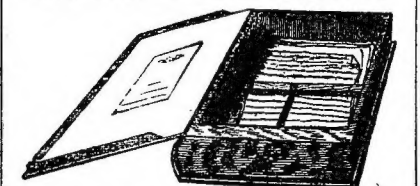
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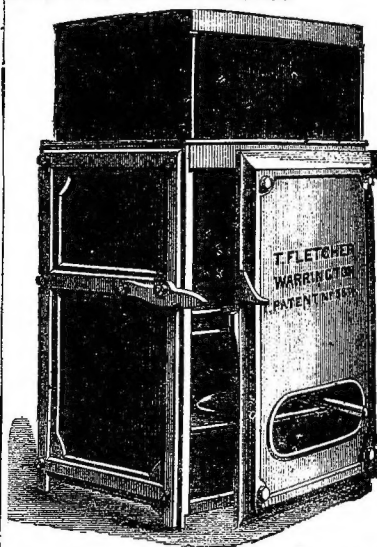
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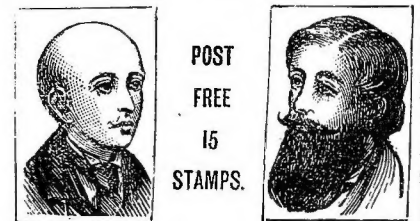
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